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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

CANADA AND THE TREATY POWER

THE importance of the independent step taken in the field of diplomacy is freely acknowledged in Great Britain. The *Telegraph* of March 13 says, in regard to the apparent clash between theory and fact: —

'The separate conclusion by the Canadian Government of a treaty with the Government of the United States has been rightly hailed in Canada as an important constitutional event. For many years past, commercial arrangements between the Dominions and Foreign Powers have been negotiated by Dominion plenipotentiaries instead of, as in old days, by the representatives of the British Foreign Office. Hitherto, however, it has been customary for the Imperial Government to be associated with that of the Dominion in the actual signature of the document. Thus the Trade Agreement between Canada and France in 1921 was signed by Lord Hardinge, then British Ambassador at Paris, as well as by Sir George Foster, the Canadian representative.

'But the circumstances of this new treaty are quite different. First, it is not a commercial agreement — not merely a matter of trade and tariffs. As the alarming little crisis over the Newfoundland Fisheries showed in 1905–7, the fishery question belongs to the political rather than to the commercial field. And, secondly, this treaty has not only been negotiated by the Dominion representatives alone, but also signed by them alone. This fact has not been unobserved by students of inter-Imperial relations in this country; and the Prime Minister was questioned on it in the House of Commons last Thursday.

'The question, however, and, consequently, the reply, missed the essential constitutional point. The Canadian Minister signed the Treaty, said Mr. Bonar Law, "on behalf of the King, by whom his full powers are issued."

'Of course; but on whose advice? Was the King advised to empower his representative by his Canadian or by his British Ministers? If the latter, the British Government was doubtless acting, on a request from Ottawa, as a virtually automatic intermediary. But, pending further information, we presume that the former procedure was adopted; for it was the Canadian Prime Minister who took the lead at the Paris Conference in insisting that, in concluding the Treaty of Versailles, the Dominion representatives should separately and directly advise the King to issue to them their separate authorities to sign. And though this recent treaty,

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unlike that of Versailles, concerns Canada alone, it seems more than probable that the Canadian Government has confirmed the precedent set in 1919.

'If this be so, and if the precedent has thereby been firmly established, a new and very important element has been introduced into the constitutional custom of the British Commonwealth. The Dominions have obtained the Treaty Power — a separate power, exercised directly by themselves, without even the formal interposition of the Imperial Government. No doubt this follows inevitably from the principle of equal nationhood. It was on that ground, indeed, that Sir Robert Borden claimed that separate powers should be taken by the Dominions at Versailles; and it was on that ground that the British Government readily conceded his claim.

'Everyone in this country has unreservedly accepted the principle of equal nationhood; but it is essential for the future destiny of the Commonwealth that all its statesmen should take careful note of how the principle operates in practice. Thus it is worth remembering that in legal theory, unquestioned in pre-war days, the Crown could only conclude treaties on the advice of one Government — the Imperial Government; and that, if the Treaty Power were exercised by more than one Government, the British Commonwealth would no longer be regarded as one body politic in any real sense.

'Legal theory is, presumably, still the same. Legal theory could doubtless demonstrate that, unless the constitutional position of the Crown is to be revolutionized, it cannot act as a valid coördinating link between distinct and conceivably discordant foreign policies. But, for good or ill, the British peoples have never enslaved their political life to legal theory. And, however odd and awkward some of the practical results of the principle of equal nationhood may seem, the fact remains that all the British peoples are determined to maintain the unity of the Commonwealth and will do nothing willingly to destroy it.

'The difficulty of maintaining it will arise if ever the Imperial Government declines to support the enforcement of some treaty concluded by a British Dominion — a position of detachment constantly claimed by the Dominions for themselves, and therefore presumably conceded when it operates against them. For this reason the new development — and there have been others since the war — makes it more desirable than ever that the whole problem of inter-Imperial relations should be reviewed, and that the special meeting for that purpose, which the first Imperial War Conference resolved in 1917 to hold directly after the war, should not be indefinitely delayed. And meanwhile it affords one more reason for maintaining the closest and most continuous consultation between this country and the Dominions over the whole field of foreign policy.'

AMERICAN-JAPANESE FRIENDSHIP

In an editorial dated February 10 the Tokyo Liberal daily *Hochi* reads us a lecture on immigration and the Gentlemen's Agreement: —

'The Japanese Government explains that American sentiment toward Japan has become much friendlier since the Washington Conference, but is this true? It is probable that it has gradually grown upon the American mind that Japan has not territorial designs upon China or Siberia, but nevertheless anti-Japanese movements in America continue as vigorously as ever. Nay, such movements, formerly confined to the states bordering on the

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Pacific, have gradually spread to other western states, and it is now reported that no less than eleven states have enacted laws of an anti-Japanese character. The Japanese naturalization question, which has been outstanding for many years, has been settled against the Japanese, the American Supreme Court, in giving the final decision last November, denying the right to the Japanese. This decision, we regret to say, was evidently based on racial prejudice.

'The new Immigration Limitation Bill, which was recently approved by the Immigration Committee of the House of Representatives, we must also say aims chiefly at the exclusion of Japanese immigrants. In the face of these glaring examples of anti-Japanism, it would be difficult to say that American sentiment towards Japan has improved in any way.

'In as much as the Gentlemen's Agreement is most faithfully observed by Japan, the passage of the new bill for the limitation of immigrants would make no material difference to Japan; but the fact that such legislation is actually contemplated — in defiance of Japan's faithful observance of the Gentlemen's Agreement — without first consulting this country is intolerable from the standpoint of national dignity. In this bill is clearly discernible the racial prejudice of Americans. While the immigration law now in force bases the percentage of alien immigrants admitted into America on the number of foreign residents in that country in 1910, the revised bill bases it on the number of foreign residents in 1890. This fact bears witness to American desire to reject immigrants from South European countries. In 1890 there were more immigrants from northern European countries than from southern European countries, and this is the reason why the new bill bases the calculation on the number of foreign residents in that year. America desires to have immigrants of Anglo-Saxon and German races, not immigrants of the Latin race. This is an attitude hardly becoming to the Americans, who pose as apostles of justice and humanity, equality and philanthropy. This attitude is particularly regrettable as running counter to the spirit of permanent world-peace.'

RESTORATION OF RUSSIAN FAMINE REGIONS

THE Moscow correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* says that the meteorological reports of many years prove that, in these regions, in each period of seven years there have been two rainless summers. The last were those of 1920 and 1921. The crop failure of 1920 was not noticed so much on account of important political events. The devastation incident to the civil war, added to this failure of the crops, brought this part of Russia, as is well known, to a state that actually touched upon cannibalism. The results of the famine were noticed in the abandoned villages and farms, the killing of domestic animals, the abandoned and neglected children, and a great increase in the number of idle workers throughout Russia. The whole task of restoration will take ten years to carry out.

The inhabitants will be given every incentive to help themselves, but will be helped along in every possible way. The tax on grain in these devastated regions has been reduced to a minimum, and in many places not demanded at all. In the country east of the Volga the desolation reached its worst. Whole districts are as good as uninhabited. In the Bashkir region a quarter of the inhabitants starved to death. The danger from wolves had so increased that farmers were warned not to allow

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their cattle to graze without adequate guard. Even yet there is much underfeeding in many parts of the country, and the foreign rations, as dear as they are, must still be accepted. Altogether, the several foreign organizations feed over 1,500,000 children and 130,000 grown persons.

A correspondent indulges in the following slap at Americans: 'American philanthropy is criticized as being extremely expensive. Not only are the representatives of the A. R. A. (American Relief Association) quite as good business men as they are philanthropists, but they have caused complaint by their demands, which are out of all comparison with the scale of living in Russia. An American day's ration costs the Russian Government twice what a Russian ration costs.'

The belief and trust in their own efforts is beginning to show among the Russians. The peasant's vitality is working out his salvation.

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FINANCIAL CONTROL FOR WITHDRAWAL

SINCE the hope of British and American interference in the French Ruhr policy has disappeared, the Germans and their friends have begun to look seriously for a way out. The Government of the Reich ostensibly keeps its door open to negotiations, and its friends are casting about for a specific plan. Significant as a contrast with previous high-flown and stiff-necked declarations is a suggestion of the pro-German *Prager Tagblatt* of February 22.

After observing that one serious objection on the part of the Berlin Government to the demands of the Guaranty Committee was to the free investigation of all available sources of German wealth in connection with financial control, the *Tagblatt* says: —

It is by no means an impossibility that, under the changed conditions of to-day, the question of financial control may serve as a basis for new negotiations with satisfactory results. If Germany makes an effort to build for France a golden bridge for her withdrawal, it will prove a clever move; for either France will gladly grasp the opportunity to escape from her Ruhr adventure, or Germany will in any case have shown the world that she has laid all her cards on the table, and is willing to allow her creditors full opportunity of assuring themselves of the injustice of the charge that she has been guilty of deception or concealment in the matter of resources of every kind. Germany will have put herself in the right and France in the wrong, which — from the standpoint of morale — must eventually, if not at once, bear fruit.

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A SHEAF OF AMENITIES

THE League of Nations is nothing anyhow but a branch office of the famous French Buccaneer Company, Limited, the stockholders in which do not reside on the Seine.

(RICHARD MAY, in *Das Demokratische Deutschland, March* 3)

Lloyd George is an indefatigable author. The *Daily Chronicle* prints a new article from his pen on the Ruhr situation. It is touching how conscientiously he enumerates every smallest lost opportunity to do something. Without any doubt he is right about them all, only the pictures get skewed round a little in his hands. Nobody but villains appear on the scene, among whom of course Bonar Law plays the chief rôle — he is anathema anyhow. Only one villain fails to appear, owing to the modesty of the author!

(*Das Demokratische Deutschland, March* 3)

One can conceive many ways in which the situation (in the Ruhr) may develop, but one hardly conceives of any way in which it would so develop

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as to enable Mr. Bonar Law to do more effectively what it is open to him to do to-day.

(*Manchester Guardian, March* 14)

Liberal Reunion

MR. ASQUITH. Common action *in* debate and division.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. Consultation *before* debate and division.

(British Paper)

It will be a matter of astonishment if the English do not finally come to appreciate the fact that our action in the Ruhr is the direct and logical result of English policy during the last three years.

(*Le Figaro, March* 8)

The vast majority of Germans have not desired to throw in their lot with the Bolsheviki, but it is what they will do if no other hope is left. . . . The Treaty of Versailles is a bad treaty; but it cannot be dealt with by France alone as a 'scrap of paper'; it can only be superseded by the consent of the original signatories. The war was fought by Britain and America to prevent arbitrary action based on military strength from jeopardizing the general interests and the life of nations. The war was fought to substitute a reign of counsel and of law. . . . The one absolute condition is that this country shall have an equal voice and that our interests shall be equally regarded in all matters concerning economic revival and the future of peace. As a vital concern of our own security and livelihood, that equality must and will be asserted, whether within the Entente or outside it. What is not to be tolerated is a 'scrap of paper' policy excluding this country from the rewriting of the Treaty; and what is impossible is that the British Empire, after its vast war, can become a cipher in the peace.

(London *Observer, March* 11)

The Government has failed to make its policy clear in regard to the Ruhr, to Mesopotamia, to Palestine, and to rent and housing. But it must place it beyond all possibility of doubt or misconstruction that it means to lower the taxes that at present cripple industry, curtail employment, and prevent that accumulation of new wealth without which we pay off our debts at the peril of making ourselves bankrupt!

(London *Sunday Times, March* 11)

In our opinion Lord Balfour's Note broadly and generally expressed the underlying truth of the inter-governmental financial transactions — though the phraseology employed did not adequately or precisely express the complicated nature of the transaction.

(London *Times, March* 12)

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MINOR NOTES

THE following little satire is printed in *Vorwärts*, the official organ of the German Social-Democratic Party: —

'Richard B. (*proprietor of a prosperous grocery*). Oh, the times! If next year is n't better than last, I shall have to shut up shop and go to work!

'*Note.* Richard B.'s business was never as prosperous as in 1922; particularly last fall, when he sold raisins, almonds, apples, oranges, candles, Christmas-tree decorations, rum and liquors, cigarettes and cigars, soap and perfumes, as fast as he could hand them over the counter. He has just built a third house.

'Hugo H. (*baggage master at the railway station*). Oh, the times! I don't know where I'll get money to live! That d——d Revolution!

'*Note.* Hugo H. was hard up before the war. A son and three daughters depended on him for support. Now the son and one of the daughters are married and supporting themselves.

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The second daughter is engaged and expects to help her husband in his business. The youngest daughter is married and lives at home. Her husband earns more than Hugo H. This reduces household expenses. They buy many luxuries that they could not have were the families living separately.

'Paul N. (*tenement owner who raises poultry and pigeons as a side-line*). Oh, the times! My property is my ruin. It's eating up my earnings and my savings and making me a beggar.

'*Note.* Paul N. has poultry yards in his garden, and a pigeon cote in his attic. His chickens and pigeons win valuable prizes at poultry shows. He sells his best specimens abroad for foreign money, or to landowners, manufacturers, and dealers, taking payment in kind. He gave his wife for Christmas one hundred Dutch gulden, and each of his children fifty. The family Christmas table was loaded to capacity with bolts of cloth, china, jewelry, and other gifts.

'Emil Gr. (*a young man*). Oh, the times! There's nothing good left in the world. If this continues, I'll shoot myself!

'*Note.* Emil Gr. lives with his parents, who are well off. His allowance equals what many have to support a whole family. He dresses in the latest style from his shoes to his expensive velour hat. He always wears new kid gloves, and no one has yet seen him without a cigarette in his mouth.

'Bruno F. (*gentleman farmer*). Oh, the times! Unless they mend, agriculture is ruined!

'*Note.* Last fall his only daughter was married. The wedding festivities lasted four days, and forty-eight guests were entertained. The manor house has just been renovated. Although the old mansion is roomy enough, a new wing was added. In spite of all these expenses, the father was able to present his daughter a piano for her birthday, and a set of skunk furs for Christmas.'

COMMANDER KENWORTHY, a brilliant young naval officer and once champion boxer of the British navy, is the son and heir of Lord Strabolgi, but in spite of these facts is now sitting as a radical Laborite in Parliament, where he is generally regarded as an *enfant terrible.* Not long ago he returned from a visit to Russia and, in reply to the question as to what will happen if Lenin dies, said: —

Nothing. The Government is quite strong enough to go on without him now. Two years ago it would have been a different matter. Now the Government is strong enough to carry on itself. The only thing is that the moderate element will be weakened and the natural evolution that is taking place as the result of Lenin's success in obtaining the adoption of the New Economic Policy will be retarded. It is a great pity that we did not come to an understanding with Russia before the possibility of Lenin's death or retirement occurred, for we shall not get such good terms now.

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GERMAN INDUSTRIALISM VERSUS THE STATE

BY ANTOINE DE TARLÉ

From *La Revue Bleue, February* 17
(NATIONALIST POLITICAL AND LITERARY BIMONTHLY)

ONE of the consequences of the German revolution was the dislocation of the State. It was not unforeseen: statesmen who well knew their fellow countrymen, as Bismarck in his *Thoughts and Reminiscences*, and Prince Bülow in his *German Policies*, predicted that revolution in their country would generate anarchy and moral decay. Experience has confirmed these predictions. This phenomenon is the more remarkable because the German State, as conceived by its philosophers and realized by its creators, — the State apotheosized by Hegel and exalted above the people for the individual to be sacrificed to it, — was the strong State. It implied the condition of never being shaken at its foundations. But the military defeat and the revolution have not only given it a body blow; they have well nigh destroyed the army, weakened and demoralized the civil service bureaucracy that supported the State, and have left the workingmen's syndicates and the trusts at the mercy of new forces that have grown strong under favorable conditions. The workers have overturned the Government; but the big industries are the ones who up to the present have profited by this upheaval.

In Germany, as in other belligerent countries, the exigencies of national defense had given a tremendous impetus to manufacturing. At the same time, its importance grew because of its representatives' influence with the Government, which could not spare them. The same phenomenon has been noted in other countries; but, whereas in those countries peace gradually put things in place again, the social upheaval of the German revolution has prevented the reëstablishment of an equilibrium.

By giving power to the representatives of the working classes, who used it to introduce into the Constitution and to put in practice the most advanced principles of democracy, the revolution has created a powerful reaction on the part of trusts. These clearly understood that their very existence was jeopardized, and they organized for the struggle. First of all they were prudent enough to refrain from hurting the workingman's feelings. The numerous and complex problems that grew out of the new situation were studied by them jointly with the workingmen's syndicates in the Workmen's Clubs formed in 1918 — which has not prevented the trusts from taking a firm stand whenever any fundamental principle came up for discussion, nor from placing insurmountable obstacles in the workingmen's way whenever the latter threatened the development of industry. Thus the capitalists' trusts succeeded in defeating the projects of socialization of national industries, which the Socialist Party — upon coming to power — had made an important plank of their platform.

Ever since the war German industry has been gaining strength with incredible rapidity. Grouped in a few

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enormous trusts, which embrace whole series of industries, from raw material up to the perfectly finished product, the managers of the manufacturing interests represent a moral and material force which the Government cannot avoid reckoning with: all the more because the German State, as the Germans themselves confess, is in a condition of disintegration. Deprived of its traditional mainstays, it has so far found no new ones. Even the Socialists, infatuated with the idea of Councils (Soviets), no longer have their former blind belief in the omnipotence of the State. Grappling with the external difficulties of fulfilling the Treaty of Versailles, the German State is at the same time obliged to meet domestic problems resulting from its financial straits.

In the face of this distress, the industrials see their power grow in virtue of the enormous riches they control. Inflation has ruined three fourths of the population; the small and middle bourgeoisie, the intellectuals, the government employees, the small capitalists, the retired officers, have all been reduced to a degree of misery that we can hardly conceive. Without any violent shocks, as fully complete expropriation took place in Germany as that produced in Russia by the advent of Soviet Communism. The industrials alone managed to escape disaster; in fact they even profited by it, increasing their profits at a rate impossible under normal conditions. The progressive depreciation of the mark allowed them to increase their exports, and consequently enabled them to hoard reserves of foreign money. They further insured themselves against loss by acquiring landed properties and developing their factory equipment in such a way as to increase their output.

Have they offered to help the State with the riches which they have acquired at the expense of the masses? So far they have either refused or else offered it on conditions which the State deemed impossible to accept in spite of its dire need. The only regular direct tax in Germany to-day is that on salaries and wages, which is automatically deducted from the pay rolls on each pay day. Whenever there was question of loans, the industrials met the Government's demands with either complete inertia or outright refusal. They have tried to take advantage of this to obtain possession of all the railroads of Germany, under the pretext of an inefficient administration of these railroads by the Government.

Recently the question of stabilizing the mark came up, and the industrials showed themselves violently hostile, alleging that measures of stabilization would ruin German industry.

The influence of the captains of industry upon the Government is quite outside of any action of the Parties in the Reichstag. The *Volkspartei*, which represents their interests, only numbers sixty-two members. They are too clever to attempt to govern directly, while the workingmen's syndicates would have found it quite proper to establish a Labor Government responsible neither to Parliament nor to electors. What they really want is to have a nominal representation which shall bear the whole burden of responsibility in the eyes of the German people and of foreigners. In this manner they enjoy such freedom as would be impracticable if they shared officially in the management of the State.

The manner in which the German Parliament is functioning must also be borne in mind. It is not a majority system like that of England or even of France, where the minorities submit — whether or not of their free

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accord — to the law of numbers. The party system, they say, is incompatible with the conviction, so deeply intrenched in every Prussian heart, that each individual shall sacrifice himself to the interests of the nation. What the nation really needs is not elections where people can periodically vote for candidates nominated by parties; it is a system founded on a principle of competency and social hierarchy — a system which assigns each his due share of authority and obedience according to his practical ability, his moral and intellectual value. It is a system of councils, founded upon a solid professional organization. Germany is to-day the only country that recognizes professional representation side by side with political. The Economic Council of the Empire is functioning parallel with the Reichstag, which is jealous of its growing influence. The managers of industry even go so far as to say that representation of interests must entirely substitute the system of party representation.

They are so certain of their own strength that the Stinnes Press has reproved the Government for not having consulted German industry on the subject of the projects formulated at London in the beginning of December last. This time the scandal was so flagrant that Chancellor Cuno mentioned it in the Economic Council, claiming for the Government the right of directing the policies of the State, and expressing the opinion that the legitimate influence of economic circles must subordinate itself to governmental action. The most important of the German industrial federations, the Imperial Industial Union, considered it its duty to issue a statement on the subject asserting its loyalty in the present difficult position of the country. It also declared that industry was ready to coöperate with the Government and that any attempts to the contrary were criminal.

On the other hand, the political parties opposed to the People's Party seized the opportunity to condemn the industrials' attitude. We need only recall the reasonable considerations of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on the subject. This paper says that it is wrong to speak of German industry, meaning by this German economics, as such a thing does not really exist as a political factor, because the German industrials do not have any unanimous, professional standpoint in regard to Reparations or government. What does exist is only a group grown powerful during the war, the leaders of which are indebted for their position to the disappearance of their satellites — brother competitors. As a matter of fact, the managers of industry are far from being unanimous: every time the question came up of coming to the aid of the Government in solving financial matters, soliciting foreign loans, or paying Reparations in kind, they have never produced anything but a politic negative, each group limiting itself to criticizing and rejecting the propositions of the others.

But one solid bond unites all these groups: namely, their passion for the greatness of Germany. They continue to work for the realization of the dream of universal hegemony which has haunted the Teutonic brain since Leibnitz. For more than two centuries they have proclaimed the rights of Germany to all of Eastern France, from Metz to Provence, including the Dauphiné, the Lyonnais, and the whole left bank of the Rhone. Their plan has been to attain this object by carrying on a commercial war against France, which they averred would do more good than ten armies. The spirit of Germany, not yet ripe

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in the seventeenth century for assimilating this doctrine, had now become so with the appearance of Fichte, Hegel, Treitschke, and the other great apostles of Pan-Germanism. The seed which they sowed has fallen upon well-prepared ground, but the harvest has not been such as was expected by the French philosophers and litterateurs who, following the lead of Madame de Staël, had conjured up a very distorted idea of the German people.

The Germany of the philosophers has been succeeded by that of the soldiers. To-day we have that of the industrials. Their patriotism, shrunk to a most limited kind of nationalism, allies itself, as we have seen, with a feeling of a most profound contempt for the German State. In order to realize their desires of seeing Germany more and more powerful, they have never ceased to indicate what in their opinion was the surest means of enriching every German field of production. They themselves have stood at the very head of this movement, and worked with a tenacity and an energy that must be called prodigious for the success of their enterprises. It is sufficient to call attention to the improvement in technic, the creation of groups that have worked for lower prices in raw materials, and the search for greater markets; indirectly as well, in demanding that the State make a bold front against the demands of the Socialists, which tended to decrease the producing power of the workman by reducing hours of work. They have even attacked the State itself, which was too compliant to resist, and secured all sorts of favors in the form of the reduction of duties on imports, and of subventions, either open or disguised.

The Popular Party has adopted their programme. At the basis of production we find the extraction of coal and the cultivation of grain. It was therefore necessary to cut down the deliveries of coal to the Entente, in order to preserve as much coal as possible for German industry, which needed it, and to make an end of the system of economic restraint which was the death of German agriculture. It is also absolutely necessary to give up the absurd fiscal policy which hampers the agglomeration of capital and favors its consumption beyond unreasonable bounds; all of which means that large fortunes are to be protected.

Above all, it is a matter of necessity to free Germany from the humiliations to which she has been subjected, and which have caused her to be treated throughout the world as an individual possessing only minor rights. Germany must be allowed to enjoy the same commercial advantages as all other peoples.

The whole policy of German industrials is extremely clear. They simply refuse to recognize the obligations of the Treaty of Versailles. After having done their part in pushing Germany into the war — a war in which they expected to aggrandize themselves by destroying the industries of France and Belgium — they will not now acknowledge that they have lost; or rather, in spite of their military defeat, they still claim to have gained the economic victory. The fight that we are carrying on against them to-day in the Ruhr should be carried to such a point as to make them recognize for all time the futility of this hope. This direct action will be more efficacious than all the negotiations at Berlin. After having conquered the armies of Germany we must now fully control her industries.

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GERMANY'S PRESENT POSITION

BY ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ

[This article, which has attracted more attention in England than in France, is printed here as an example of the present attitude of the extreme nationalists of the old régime. In reading it one must remember that Admiral von Tirpitz played an important part in building up the German navy and also that he was largely responsible for the submarine campaign.]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, February* 23
(Berlin Daily, Hugo Stinnes Press)

A ray of hope illumines the soul of our people since the Cuno Cabinet took up the struggle over the Ruhr, and since we learned with what vigor the men of the mining country can act. Moreover, from these considerations taken together, even the uninitiated get a strong impression that there is 'management' of some kind behind our resistance to the brutal violence of our ancestral foe. Our lack of leadership is what has allowed us to sink so deep into the abyss, and what has in recent years apparently allowed every hope to vanish.

But courage begets courage, and therefore we may hope that France's plundering excursion into Baden will meet with resistance like that in Westphalia. In spite of assiduous propaganda on the part of the French, the sympathies of the whole world are on our side in the present struggle. In greater or less degree this will be the case with the better classes even of those nations who during the war fought on the side of France. The pretexts under which France seeks to justify her raid upon our defenseless and industrious country were too cynical and bore their falsehood too clearly on their face for it to be otherwise. If we win through the test which fate now lays upon us, it will be proof enough that the will for self-assertion and the strength of life have not yet been lost to the German soul.

At a stroke our whole political position will alter because once again all nations will have to reckon with the German people. We shall cease to be a mere object of exploitation. We will put our trust in the men who, either before the curtain or behind it, are controlling the present resistance. Their task is made hard enough by the long years during which political dilettantes pursued their policy of fulfilling the treaty requirements, which has so sadly affected our economic position.

Whoever is a German at heart, no matter to what party or to what faith he may belong, will sink his own belief and his own desires completely in view of the task that fate imposes on us to-day. No need to say that we must support the men who stand at the front to-day by every means in our power. After the terrible trials through which we have come, the danger does not lie there but rather behind the front and even in the unoccupied territory. To-day the advocates of a weakling policy, the men of fleeting importance, and the party egoists, hold themselves aloof because they fear that the increased concern for the common good and for self-assertion may cast them to one side.

We do not know what temporary hardships stand before us in this new kind of struggle in the Ruhr. Then in-

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deed the hour may come when the poisonous elements in our politic body will rise again to win the mastery. That is why we must guard against them in advance — if necessary, with still greater severity. Down with all elements that seek to destroy the united front of to-day and to cripple the resistance of Germany!

No one can doubt that a foreign policy conscious of its aim and corresponding to the present situation must support our resistance to the French raid. A private citizen, lacking information as to the momentary changes of the situation, must restrain himself. He cannot reach a judgment on the new way now opening before us, and hence to-day is a time for trust. Our Parliament itself does not possess complete information on the situation, but the two chief elements about which it is permissible to speak rise clear and unmistakable on the political horizon. These are our relations with England and with France.

To-day a direct antagonism between ourselves and the Anglo-Saxons no longer exists. Before the war this antagonism was unavoidable, and could be met only with adequate power and wise statesmanship. This is not the place in which to discuss the manifold and easily refuted excuses put forth by the advocates of a policy of weakness; but even those who have made it their life work to win for Germany a place equal to England's recognize the accomplished fact — though with a deep sense of anguish. The Germans had not developed enough, or were not fitted to rise to the rank of a people capable of world dominion; and so we must abandon in large measure our endeavor to win the spiritual and material treasures of the sea. Even our business will enjoy the use of the sea only in a limited degree, and will have to consider the complete alteration of conditions in starting out upon the ways where any serious antagonism with the Anglo-Saxons is out of the question. As soon as the temporary boom in our business — made possible by the lowered value of our money — is at an end, fear of any considerable business competition will vanish in the eyes of even the maddest Englishman.

Under these circumstances, nothing any longer obstructs an understanding with England. We are perfectly clear on one point — that such a step is not based on our desire or on flirtatious inclination, but only on a foundation of real advantage to each side. Neither must we forget that England is now more deeply interested in Europe than in earlier days. Therefore, and even though we are the beaten party, we should not weakly and humbly run after England, but we should rather stand aside and wait. The English will come to us of themselves if their interests urge them on. Unduly obvious efforts at reconciliation sometimes achieve the opposite of what they intend. One remembers the meetings of Fehrenbach with Lloyd George at Spa.

The English do not love us now, and they have never loved us; while it will be hard for us to forget their barbarous ways of waging war, which have become a part of their mental equipment through their constant conflicts with barbarous and half-civilized peoples. To this mentality also belongs their way of whipping up hatred and slander to a gigantic extent throughout the whole world, which they regard as a justifiable means of warfare. Even so great and noble a sailor as Nelson believed, like the people of his age: 'Every Englishman must hate every Frenchman from the bottom of his soul.'

Such conceptions form no part of our character and our historical development, as we proved beyond dispute in our great war of unification. This char-

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acteristic of ours was recognized at that time by Frenchmen of independent thought, such as the famous Count Gobineau. One remembers the knightly conduct of our old Emperor toward the foe. When Paris was besieged, we had, in place of badly needed munitions, thousands of wagons loaded with provisions for the sole purpose of aiding the starving population of Paris immediately after they surrendered. That is why it was so wholly inconceivable to us that such a different course of action should be taken in the autumn of 1918, and the blockade should be continued another half year after its military purpose had been completely achieved and our people were left wholly defenseless. The continuation of the blockade, as is well known, cost eight hundred thousand Germans, mostly women and children, their lives. Purposeless brutality, which is not wise even in one's own interests, does not especially belong, however, to the English nature. Whatever feelings one may have as relations now stand, there is no choice before us so far as the English are concerned: *Zähne aufeinander und durch!* (Set your teeth and go through with it!)

Our relations to the French, however, are quite different. In the last two hundred and fifty years they have revealed themselves more than twenty times as robbers plain and simple, the bloodiest-minded inciters to war; and, since we once whacked these dangerous robbers over the fingers, their pride and haughtiness have been turned against us in sadistic hatred. Meantime Poincaré and Clemenceau have been unmasked as malevolent war-makers, and with them the greater part of the French people. The French have set themselves up, in their souls and in their nature, as the incarnation of evil among the peoples of the continent of Europe. They pursue the annihilation of our country with unappeasable ferocity, perhaps only because — except for our lack of national feeling — they recognize our superiority.

With evil itself we must make no compromise. We must hate it. In our present position we must work with moral forces only, although the hatred of our people against the French may glow white-hot. Those who manage our affairs of state can therefore not afford to lose their cool self-possession, but hatred against the French has become a necessity of life for us. It has been instilled in every class of our people by the French themselves.

Love and hatred are the strongest forces in the world of men. I hope that sometime in the distant future love may be victorious, but in ages past hate was, and for a hundred years to come hate will be, the most powerful force in the struggles of nations for their existence. The hatred of our enemies, urged on by the most refined means and the wildest lies, materially contributed to our downfall, while our own efforts at reconciliation and our weak complaints have degraded us in the eyes of the enemy and of the whole world. Hatred of evil is not unchristian. The self-assertion of every individual man, still more of a nation, is a duty, and since we need hatred for our self-assertion, we will instill it into the heart of every German, and we will let it flame up in fire on every mountain-top of our Fatherland.

Fate seems to have called the French to the historic rôle of driving our nation into unity through force exerted from without. That they have taken this part upon themselves again to-day is one gleam of light for us in a situation that otherwise is dark enough.

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WE MUST CARRY ON ALONE

From *Kölnische Zeitung, February* 21
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

Lord Curzon, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, characterized in the House of Lords the French campaign in the Ruhr as a 'dragonnade.' This characterization of the French programme is so clear-cut that there is nothing further to be said about it from the German side. We all remember with what horror we read, in our history classes at school, of the method by which the Huguenots were maltreated immediately before and after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In the whole civilized world nobody has ever had an idea that methods of that kind would be possible in modern times. In those days dragoons were quartered upon the families of Huguenots in order to hurry along their conversion. These booted missionaries did what they liked with the possessions of their hosts. In the open street Huguenots were held up by dragoons, and their money taken away 'for sanction.' In a very few weeks the savings of many years were spent by the pitiless soldiers. Innocent men and women became victims of most insulting treatment. Large numbers were thrown into prison in chains.

In spite of this sharp characterization of French methods by the British Foreign Minister, he gave voice to the following somewhat mild remarks: 'In any case it is very difficult to carry out dragonnades throughout a whole land, very difficult to overcome an obstinate passive resistance on the part of a whole country.'

After all, we should feel some degree of satisfaction with the fact that, according to the declaration to-day of the British Premier, no intervention by England can be expected. As the British Government is not in a position to put a stop to the French dragonnades, any negotiations that might follow would only be to our disadvantage, and could by no possibility do us any good. We have already expressed it as our opinion that — so far as Germany is concerned — the League of Nations, which has been several times mentioned in the British Parliament as the probable intermediary means, cannot be made use of either at this time or in the future. It is just as well to insist upon this German standpoint very energetically, in view of certain foreign intrigues. Bonar Law declared to-day that the British Government had learned that any suggestion of interference by the League of Nations would be regarded as unfriendly by the French Government at this time.

Therefore if, one of these fine days — as several carefully worded phrases in the French newspapers lead us to believe — the authority of the League of Nations should suddenly be acknowledged by France, it is evident that this could only happen on the supposition, either that France has become aware of the impasse in which she has caught herself, or that she has become convinced, before moving in the matter, that the judgment of the League would be in her favor.

Furthermore, it is evident from the speeches of Bonar Law and Lord Curzon that, according to British official opinion, the procedure in the Ruhr is not a matter that necessitates a decision of the League of Nations, but is capable of a natural solution. If later the possibility of referring the Ruhr

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question to the League should be brought up by some neutral Power, this would be considered as a vexatious embarrassment, brought forward by the Power in question in order to escape personal responsibility in cases of violation of the law; and mediation in these cases would tend in the direction of the least resistance.

At the same time it must be remembered that the League of Nations claims the right to hale nonmembers before its tribunal, while nonmembers have no right whatever to demand of the League a satisfaction of their claims. According to its practice up to to-day, the League of Nations has never acted except when the rights of its members have been challenged. On this account both France and Belgium were in a position to refuse intervention at the meeting of the Supreme Council of the League at Paris. And Bonar Law himself has declared that the League would not be invoked except with the express consent of France. If, therefore, the League of Nations should be invoked to solve the so-called Ruhr problem, — which for Germany is no problem at all, nor can be, — it is clear that Germany would be justified in demanding the same consideration. But in the decision itself Germany would have no part. This would be made, as before, by Germany's enemies and France's friends — in other words, more or less according to the wishes and will of France. No guaranty for the impartiality of any tribunal appointed by the League of Nations is at all to be expected. We have had our fill of its judgments to date.

What, it is fair to ask, is Germany's opinion as to a possible method of unraveling the situation in the Ruhr, supposing the League of Nations to be entirely eliminated?

In case any mediation takes place, or any tribunal is appointed, it is Germany's view that all the important Powers must have a hand in the business, and particularly the United States. But the coöperation of the United States may be considered as good as impossible, even in the future, in case the League of Nations is invoked. At the present time, however, it is difficult for us in Germany to see how America — politically a horse that will not gallop and is even very hard to get started — can be persuaded to take steps against the French action in the Ruhr. Bonar Law himself has emphasized the fact that there is no probability of American inclination to intervene in the quarrels of Europe.

Therefore, to-day as well as yesterday, there remains for us Germans only one programme: namely, to fight our battles alone. And we shall have every reason to rejoice if the French, for their own edification, get a good taste of the deadly backlash of their devastating methods in the Ruhr and in Baden. If the French Government should be able to protect the standard of life in France from the contamination of a still more aggressive campaign, we should probably run the danger of yet greater abuses of power on their part, which even those elements in France naturally opposed to such a course — so dangerous to our very existence — would be unable to prevent.

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'LET US SPEAK'

From the *New Statesman, March 3*
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

SCARCELY ever before in her history has England stood in greater need, than at this moment, of a strong Government to defend her vital interests; and scarcely ever, we suppose, has she had a weaker one. We can take no exception to Mr. Bonar Law's personal view of the Franco-German struggle; but the burden of responsibility seems to be greater than he can bear. He should have said either less or more than he has said. If he believed that the present policy of the French Government was right, or at any rate that it was not very wrong, or that it could do no vital injury to this country, or that it was legal, or that it might succeed, or indeed that it could lead to anything but disaster for all Europe, then indeed he might pursue a policy of inaction without sacrificing the prestige and influence of Great Britain.

But he believes none of these things and with his usual candor he has uttered what is in his mind. In view of what he has said, the inaction of his Government amounts to a confession of humiliating impotence such as no previous British Government has ever made. 'It is a disaster,' he wails, 'but what can I do?' The answer is that either he should pretend that it is not a disaster or else he should make up his mind to act. His present policy, if he continues to pursue it, can end only in the destruction and disappearance of all British influence in Europe.

We do not wish to be unfair to Mr. Bonar Law. It is not he, but his predecessor, who is to blame for the terrible situation which he has to face. We have no desire either to blame him or to weaken in any way his authority as the fully accredited spokesman of Great Britain. But if he is to retain that authority he must speak, and speak not in an apologetic whisper, but in the tones which Europe is accustomed to hear from British Prime Ministers when vital issues are at stake. He is not, by nature, a great man or a great leader, but the present is an occasion to which even the most mediocre of statesmen should be able to rise.

In the present crisis Great Britain has something to say and it is the plain duty of Mr. Bonar Law to say it. We are sure that he knows perfectly well how to say it, and that he would say it if he were willing to lead instead of to follow. It is not only this country, but all the rest of Europe, outside France, that is waiting for the lead which no one save he who occupies the position of Prime Minister of Great Britain can give.

His hesitancy is all the more inexplicable in that he is notoriously lacking in personal ambition. He could afford to take a risk, if any risk were involved. But he should know that there is no risk and that whenever he decides to speak out he will have the whole country behind him as it was behind Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey in 1914. Is it Lord Rothermere whom he fears? A strong lead would make our Rothermeres change their tune in a night.

The facts are not in dispute. The leaders of all parties, and an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons, are in agreement upon the main issues. We suppose that for practical purposes the following series of propositions may be regarded as beyond serious

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dispute among thoughtful and responsible people of all parties in this country: —

(1) That the French occupation of the Ruhr will not increase but certainly diminish the amount which can be extracted from Germany by way of Reparations during the next few years.

(2) That the main object of the French Government in occupying the Ruhr is to gain not money, but 'security,' by a permanent occupation of the Rhine frontier, by the destruction, if possible, of German industry, and by the definite disintegration, political and economic, of the German Republic.

(3) That this policy, if successful, would give France the complete hegemony of the Continent of Europe.

(4) That such a policy cannot conceivably be successful, and that if it could Great Britain would be bound to oppose it by every means in her power.

(5) That such a policy, successful or unsuccessful, leads logically, not merely to the destruction of all the hopes of civilized Europe for an era of peaceful reconstruction, but to the definite prospect of another Great War.

(6) That in such a war Great Britain could not be on the side of France.

(7) That the interests of Great Britain and of the whole world require the immediate evacuation of the Ruhr and the complete abandonment of all plans for the industrial ruin of Germany.

There may be, even in the House of Commons, men who would dissent from some of these propositions, but that they represent with general accuracy the sober views of Lancashire and of London, of the Universities and of the Trade Unions, of the City and of Whitehall — in short, of Great Britain — there is no doubt whatever.

Doubt can arise only over the question of whether the moment for action has yet arrived. We are definitely of opinion that it *has* arrived. The situation in the Ruhr is becoming rapidly more dangerous. Each day sees the French Government plunging deeper and deeper into a bog from which already it is powerless to escape.

If there were any prospect of France coming to her senses and abandoning, next week or next month, or even in three months' time, the policy to which she is at present committed, it might be wise to await her conversion. But there are no signs of any such possibility. All the signs, indeed, point in exactly the opposite direction. French public opinion is being prepared for a prolonged struggle. The Paris newspapers give us to understand that the French Government is prepared to maintain a state of war *vis-à-vis* Germany for a decade or more if the Germans do not surrender at discretion and pay sums which everyone knows they are utterly incapable of paying.

In the meantime steps are being taken by the French military governor of the Ruhr, which cannot be retraced except at the cost of an utter destruction of French prestige. Three months or six months hence, if Great Britain does not act, the situation will quite inevitably be not better but far worse. If, therefore, we are to act at all — and upon the eventual necessity for that everyone seems to be agreed — the sooner we act the better. There is very much to be lost by delay and nothing at all to be gained — except perhaps the coöperation of America. But can we afford to wait even for that? And will it ever come if we make no move?

The date on which the French advance into the Ruhr began was one of the decisive dates of modern European history. It marked the final breach between France and the Anglo-Saxon world. What is now within our power is not to heal that breach but to prevent

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its becoming the cause of a second Great War. Delay in making our position clear can only result in further and deeper misunderstandings. M. Poincaré's Government is deliberately facing the prospect — created by its own policy — of a quite indefinite prolongation of virtual war in Europe.

There can be no possible doubt as to what will eventually be the attitude of the British people, and of any British Government, toward such a programme — we will pay any price to defeat it. But the longer we wait the heavier that price is likely to be. Some people in England have not yet realized what M. Poincaré's policy means, but we cannot afford to wait for the laggards; they will follow.

The present inaction of Mr. Bonar Law is in reality nothing more than hesitation to take a plunge which sooner or later, as he himself recognizes, will have to be taken. Such hesitation is explicable, but we cannot think that history will regard it as excusable; for time is of the essence of the question — which is whether British influence is to be exerted before it is too late.

What we want is a definite public declaration of the uncompromising hostility of Great Britain, not merely to the French occupation of the Ruhr, but to all the aims and motives which lie behind and have inspired that enterprise.

The obvious first step is to address a formal request to the French Government to state precisely the terms upon which it will consent to cease hostilities and withdraw its troops from the Ruhr. If these terms are practicable, there will at once be material for negotiation and we can throw all our influence into the scale to oblige the German Government to negotiate. If, on the other hand, they are manifestly impracticable, then we shall know where France stands and must follow our declaration of disapproval by steps designed to hinder in every possible way a policy which will thus have been shown to be purely predatory and destructive.

Certain steps which might be taken in the Cologne area are obvious enough. There are others which might be taken with reference to the increasingly serious plight of unoccupied Germany. The well-known American review, the *New Republic*, has suggested that there should be a joint communication from Great Britain and the United States announcing the suspension of all diplomatic relations with France pending her evacuation of the Ruhr. It may come to that; but until the preparatory steps have been taken it is unnecessary to discuss the precise forms which later action will take.

What is immediately necessary is for the public to grasp the issue: which is *not* whether Great Britain should or should not take strong action to avert the disaster with which French policy is threatening Europe — for quite certainly she will presently be forced to do that unless she is to deny all her most vital interests and contradict all the lessons of her own history — but whether she should act promptly and firmly, or in the alternative should nervelessly postpone the evil day. Can any single sound reason for procrastination be found?

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THE DISPOSITION OF SALONIKI

BY CHARLES VELLAY

['*We leave to M. Vellay the responsibility for his conclusions, merely reminding our readers that the hinterland of Saloniki is entirely Slav.*' *Note by the Editor of* L'Europe Nouvelle.]

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, March 3*
(Paris Liberal Foreign-Affairs Weekly)

Among the questions, domestic and foreign, that occupy Hellenic public opinion at present, there is one that, in particular, touches upon the domain not only of diplomacy but of economics and of domestic policy — the problem of Saloniki, which has lately entered an acute stage. Upon its solution undoubtedly depend, in great part, the future relations between Yugoslavia and Greece.

We know that for a long time Serbia, hampered commercially by Austria's pitiless policy, sought an outlet to the sea. After vain attempts on the Adriatic coast, she believed, in 1914, that she had found one at Saloniki. During the first months of that year she had obtained from Greece extensive commercial facilities in the Ægean. But when the Government of Austro-Hungary became cognizant of the arrangement it intervened brusquely, and demanded of the Greek Government, in a tone not to be misunderstood, equal advantages for its own commerce.

Thus the old dream, the *Drang nach Osten* that was urging the Teutonic Powers toward Saloniki, was a secret no longer. At Athens, as elsewhere, it was well understood that Austria awaited only the favorable moment to establish herself, in one way or another, on the Ægean coast, and that, if this should ever take place, all Serbia, all the lower valley of the Vardar, and Saloniki itself would henceforth be nothing more than a political and economic annex of the dual monarchy. There was but one means of preventing that danger, and this was precisely the one chosen, as by common accord, by the Governments of Belgrade and Athens. Serbia renounced the original arrangement, which was replaced by a vague and meaningless convention which included Austria-Hungary and contained none of the dangerous points of the original.

This was the situation when the Great War broke out in 1914, and the question was — like so many others of minor importance — indefinitely postponed, and did not again appear on the tapis until after the Armistice. Negotiations between Belgrade and Athens were then renewed; but Serbia considered that the advantages offered her were insufficient, and refused to sign a new convention. It was related at the time that the Serbian negotiator was so irritated at his failure that he tore in pieces with his own hands the document which his Government refused to ratify. Whether this story be true or not, it is certain that the document could not be found, and that when, after the political convulsions incident to the reign of Constantine had subsided, the question was once again taken up, the pourparlers had been lost in the shades of the past.

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The Belgrade Government had quite lost sight of the details, retaining only the broad lines. It saw simply the growing necessity of securing commercial freedom in the Ægean, since Italy, by means of tactics rather sharper than amicable, had closed to Serbia the ports of the Adriatic. Greek diplomacy strove to take advantage of this partial ignorance. It affected, on its part, to have forgotten about all the arrangements, except that of June 1914, of which it spoke with respect and which it proposed to put into effect without delay. At Belgrade these promises and protestations of friendship were listened to without much enthusiasm, and results were awaited. But the Yugoslav Minister at Athens, hearing of these strange pourparlers, and being perfectly cognizant of all details of the whole affair, put his Government on guard against the convention of 1914, which could not in any manner be considered as satisfactory to Yugoslavia.

The negotiations were resumed, but this time on a quite different basis. The problem was studied in the ensemble, not merely academically at Belgrade and Athens, but on the spot, at Saloniki itself. The different phases were studied in succession — such as the extent, the nature, and the exact privileges of the zone which Yugoslavia was to receive; the questions of railroads and of Yugoslav transportation from Chevgheli to Saloniki; and eventually the creation of a territorial connection between the Yugoslav frontier and the tea, and the establishment of Serbian schools in the Saloniki region.

These points were treated in a memorandum of the Yugoslav Government, the examination of which by the Greek Government has not yet been finished at the time I write. For this examination a commission of five members — diplomats and jurists — was appointed, whose work is likely to take some time. It is understood that the Yugoslav memorandum will serve as a basis for the deliberations of this commission, but it is quite certain that it will propose numerous and important amendments to it, with the result that the matter is likely to take a much longer time than was at first expected.

The most important question in this whole affair is that of territorial sovereignty. It is evident that Greece cannot consent to cede in perpetuity to a foreign nation a strip of territory which would entirely separate northern and southern Greece, somewhat as the Polish corridor to Danzig cuts Prussia in two. On the other hand Yugoslavia is most desirous of having a perfectly free hand in the territory allotted to her, and is not likely to accept any control or any meddling whatever in it. Moreover, she wishes to have the right, at her own option, to extend to foreign Powers the same privileges within this territory. If this does not amount to full political and administrative sovereignty, it certainly resembles it very closely, and it is not astonishing that the susceptibilities and fears of the Greeks have been aroused. Furthermore, it is not only the principle itself that has caused alarm, but the manner in which it is applied. On both sides irritation and misunderstandings are feared, as it is a situation only too likely to breed them.

So far as transportation is concerned, it has not appeared how Yugoslavia could interfere with the dominating company, which is French. Provided that the commerce of Yugoslavia is well taken care of at the railway frontier at Chevgheli and at the terminus at Saloniki, the intermediary traffic will be satisfactorily attended

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to. So far as the territorial strip is concerned, it would seem at last accounts that Yugoslavia would relinquish this right, in exchange for other privileges connected with the limits and control of the maritime zone of Saloniki.

It is not impossible, it is even very probable, that harmony may reign on all the points in litigation. Nevertheless, the affair contains elements of grave danger. Whether the territorial belt to Saloniki is actually ceded or only leased, it is evident that it will be considered at Belgrade to be a part of the national soil, to be jealously guarded for all time. Thus it may well become an apple of discord between the two countries.

The international situation is so changeable, so uncertain, that one cannot exclude the hypothesis of a rapprochement between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, any more than that of a conflict between the Balkan Slav bloc and the Greeks. In either of these eventualities the question of Saloniki may bulk largely, even decisively. It is quite possible, if certain incidents should take place connected with the administration of the free zone, that one Power or the other might find an opportunity for renewed negotiations looking to a further diminution of Greek influence.

This appears to be the most possible present danger, without underrating others — some of them of greater import — that may one day descend upon Greece.

THE PRESS OF SOVIET RUSSIA

BY R. BRUCK

From *Vossische Zeitung, February* 21
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

On February 6, in the Kremlin at Moscow, there was held a conference of the representatives of the Soviet press. Bukharin, who represented the Central Committee of the Communist Party, made the opening speech in which he said among other things: 'Thanks to our press, which has always furthered the recruiting power of our slogans and made the exalted nature of our ideals clear to the masses, we have been able to develop our power and to strengthen the Soviet system.'

Here, in fact, 'in the beginning was the word.' The word — but nothing else. There was as yet no Red Army, no organization, no government machinery; only posters, appeals, proclamations on poor paper and in poor print and with apparently no proofreading. No one thought the Bolshevist 'anarchy' could hold out even a few months.

To-day the Russian Government stands comparatively solid inside and out, and tends to support some kind of order and safety. The significance of the Soviet press — and there is no other press in the country — becomes apparent when we consider that the Kremlin was assigned as a meeting-place for its representatives, although

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ordinarily no mere mortal may enter the Kremlin gates. About four hundred delegates took part in the conference, and they came from all corners and provinces of Russia.

Here, as elsewhere, complaints were aired concerning the material difficulties of the press. The inauguration of the New Economic Policy has entirely changed the principles of its existence. It is well known that the old economic policy of the Bolshevist Government was founded on the principle of Government ownership of all produce over and above the quantity strictly necessary for the producer's subsistence. Since the Government was lord of all the country's resources, it naturally assumed the obligation to supply all the people's needs. Indeed, up to the middle of 1922 the Russian population, whenever it obtained anything, obtained it gratis from the hands of the Government. This included food, clothing, medical service and medicaments, teaching, books, transportation, mail and wire service, theatres, concerts and ballets, newspapers, and so forth. All this was distributed by the Government exclusively among the working population. It being difficult, however, to establish who was really working and who was doing nothing, it so happened that many idle persons were fed and supported by the Government. No taxes existed.

Besides being distributed free to all persons and institutions, newspapers were extensively posted in open places. Naturally their output was enormous, and the journalists were delighted to see their work receive such wide publicity.

Such a system of management naturally headed toward State bankruptcy. The 'surplus' produce to be delivered to the Government proved in practice to be only a small fraction of what was necessary to make both ends meet. How much of a deficit had really to be covered cannot very well be established: bookkeeping, reports, and balance sheets were not exactly kept systematically in those days.

Came the New Economic Policy. The 'surplus' was left at the producer's disposal to be consumed or sold, and the State, in turn, refused to support the people free of charge. Institutions, as well as persons, had to work for their living, so as to leave survival only to the fittest.

The Soviet press was not exempt from this rule. Whoever wanted a newspaper had to pay for it — and pay in advance, too. Government subsidies became very scarce and very difficult to obtain. At first it was a difficult struggle. Many leaflets were forced out of existence. In January 1922, 803 newspapers existed, their joint output being something like 2,500,000 copies. In August 1922 only 299 survived. Toward January 1923, however, the number of papers rises again to 442. According to the data furnished the last Conference, a total of 639 has been reached at present, 131 of them being dailies, 345 bi-dailies, and 163 weeklies.

Because of the bad transportation conditions, fifty to sixty per cent of papers that are being posted to subscribers do not reach destination. The entire output now is about 1,500,000 copies, which makes an average of a paper per hundred persons. It is a very poor circulation when we remember that the daily *Russkoe Slovo*, published in Moscow in pre-Bolshevist days, alone had a circulation of 1,200,000. The delegates to the Kremlin Conference gave as the chief reason for these insignificant circulations the high cost of production, which necessitated high subscription-rates.

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The character and quality of the periodicals were also much discussed at the Conference, and often unfavorably criticized. A superabundance of long, monotonous, and purely theoretical articles was condemned, as well as an incomplete and insufficient news-service. All the periodicals of a political character are appallingly uniform, for the simple reason that they can expound only the doctrines of one party. They cannot very well avoid long theorizing, as they see themselves obliged to discuss complicated political and economic questions. However, there is no reason why all these periodicals could not furnish some lighter reading matter at the same time. Such a proposal was voiced at the Conference. Yet lighter reading has been systematically avoided so far by the Soviet press; it seemed to the editors that this was below their dignity as leaders, that it would interfere with their duty of illuminating the masses. Only recently did they see themselves forced, by the weight of opinion expressed at the Conference, to print light short stories, anecdotes, verse, and so forth. The larger Party and Government publications have inaugurated weekly literary supplements to meet their subscribers' tastes.

On the other hand the periodicals seek to establish closer relations between the press and the working masses by inviting the workmen to write freely about their shops and works and the conditions therein. At present such workmen-correspondents number hundreds and the reader is quite frequently furnished articles dealing with factory activities, the hardships of the work there, and so forth.

A short time ago the Moscow *Pravda* announced a contest for workmen-writers. Each factory was to send in a characterization of its manager, written by a workman. The best articles were to receive prizes. The editors received about a hundred and twenty articles, of which fifteen were given prizes. The directors were characterized in their relation to the workers and also as to their ability as business managers of the factories. A special commission was created by the *Pravda* in order to investigate the veracity of the reports received, and in most cases they proved trustworthy. However, such an opportunity of public complaint could not be used with entire impunity: two workmen-correspondents of the *Pravda*, Spiridonov and Iovlev, were murdered as a result of their taking part in the contest! This incident compelled the Conference to lay before the Government a legislative project providing for special protection for workmen-correspondents.

All in all, it must be confessed that there exists as yet no mighty forest of periodicals in Russia, but only a young growth which, however, is developing vigorously. The journalists form an independent section of the great 'People's League for the Education of the Workingman,' while the printers, typesetters, and office personnel of the press belong to their respective trade unions.

Naturally, an overwhelming majority of journalists belong officially to the Communist Party. The journalists' section has succeeded in concluding business agreements with the publishers; and journalistic work is now paid for, on the whole, satisfactorily, whereas it used to be extremely unremunerative. The monthly pay of a Moscow journalist at present amounts to some eight hundred million to five billion rubles, which means about forty to two hundred rubles gold. There is prac-

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tically no unemployment among journalists; in the provinces capable journalistic workers are even eagerly sought for. To supply the need an Institute of Journalism with a three-year course was founded in Moscow. It numbers about a hundred and forty pupils, and very great trouble is being taken with their theoretical and practical instruction.

We may mention another important point which, however, was never as much as hinted at during the Press Conference at the Kremlin, being regarded as self-evident. It is the question of the political coaching of the press. As far as the periodicals concern themselves with politics at all, they all stand on the Communist platform, and are unconditionally in favor of supporting the existing order. It is commonly thrown up at the Bolshevist Government, in Russia as well as abroad, that it does not tolerate any divergence of political opinion, and that freedom of speech and press, for which many generations of Russians have so desperately fought with the Tsars, is still non-existent in that country. The common answer to these complaints is that in a country run by workers only workers may justly enjoy freedom; and that such freedom cannot reasonably be granted to those parties of whom 'it may be said in advance' that they will use it to the advantage of bourgeois interests and against those of the working people. Freedom of speech, it is alleged, would work toward party strife, weaken the union, and destroy the enthusiasm and the inspiration which are so urgently needed just now for the country's reconstruction. Productive work would be reduced to naught if such concessions were made.

It must be confessed that the Russian people are not at all used to enjoying freedom of speech or any other political liberties. There was never a chance for the country to acquire the habit of these things. The two hundred years' history of the Russian press is, and has been, nothing else than a history of the censorship, whose only concern was to keep the printed word well under control. Divergent opinions were current underground exclusively, as the Bolshevist press knows only too well from bitter experience. It came to the surface in October 1917, and is now sunning itself in the open squares of the Moscow Kremlin. On the whole, it cannot longer be said that the Bolsheviki are preaching in the wilderness — their press contains some wholesome elements which find ready listeners among the people.

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POLAND'S RECOVERY

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times, February* 27
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

In these bad times one can derive some comfort from the fact that there is a country in the middle of Europe, with about thirty million inhabitants, which is becoming more prosperous and increasing its production from month to month.

This country is Poland. One can shake one's head over Poland's finances and political squabbles, but its economic revival is a thing to wonder at. Two years ago it was slowly recovering from the ravages of the Great War. Then came the Bolshevist invasion. The Red Army took or destroyed half the harvest, and carried off immense quantities of stock, leaving the country again in an exhausted condition. Already these losses have been practically repaired.

Agriculture is flourishing. The country can feed itself. In Eastern Galicia the belt devastated by the campaigns of Brusiloff in 1916 scarcely shows the signs of war. Even the districts to the east of Brest-Litovsk, to which the refugees were returning in 1921 to find their villages burned and their fields covered with six years' growth of birch-saplings, are beginning to be self-supporting.

Trade and industry are developing fast. The textile mills of Lodz and Bialystok produce more than they did before the war. The coal mines are up to pre-war pitch, except in Silesia. Fresh industries are springing up, based largely on the timber resources of the country. For instance, Poland has begun to appear in the field as a rival of the Scandinavian countries in the export of matches. Manufactured goods from Lodz and Poznań are bought even in Brazil and the United States.

Since the partition of Upper Silesia brought the Poles the resources in coal which they lacked, exports have rapidly caught up imports. In July 1922, the last month for which exact figures are available, the imports amounted in value to roughly fifty million Swiss francs, exports to forty millions. By now, it is reckoned, there is a balance on the right side.

The general standard of living has risen, and there is a new air of prosperity about. Any traveler who saw Warsaw a year ago would notice the difference. People look smarter. Diners are beginning to appear at restaurants in evening dress. The streets are better paved, the shops well stocked. New businesses have been opened by the dozen. Houses are going up which show the Poles to be good builders, with taste and style in their architecture. The piers of a new railway-bridge, which will greatly simplify traffic problems, are rising out of the Vistula.

The development of agriculture and forestry is sufficient to show that the boom is not merely the result of a falling exchange; the wealth of the country is increasing.

The events which marked the turn of the tide in Poland's affairs are two: the peace with Russia and the settlement of the Upper Silesian dispute. The effect of them both has been to improve

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Poland's foreign relations all round, and to increase security and confidence. The establishment of peaceful relations with Russia has been very gradual.

The Treaty of Riga was signed nearly two years ago, and there have been some very stormy moments since then. Slowly the tension was eased. A visit of Chicherin to Warsaw some weeks ago cleared the air considerably. The Russian Foreign Minister was told plainly that if Russia attacked Rumania Poland would stand by her ally. A little later came the Disarmament Conference at Moscow, when the Baltic States declined to be impressed by Soviet diplomacy and worked in perfect harmony with Poland. The result is that there is a strong feeling of solidarity among the border countries, and Russia appears less of a bogey.

The fruits of the Silesian settlement are being reaped not only in coal and steel, but in better relations with Germany. The economic boycott imposed on Poland at Berlin has been dropped, and Germany has reassumed its natural position as Poland's best customer both for imports and exports. The Treaty of Versailles left an enormous number of important minor points, rising out of the cession of Posnania and West Prussia, to be settled by direct negotiation. Until they were settled normal relations between the two countries could not begin; but feeling was so bitter that no progress could be made with the negotiations, and by tacit consent they were postponed until the Silesian affair had been decided.

Now at last they have been taken up again, and a long catalogue of disputes as to the status of German property in Poland, option for nationality, German pensioners who are now Polish subjects, Polish paper money issued by the Germans during their period of occupation, and so on, are being worked off by a conference at Dresden.

The sequel can be traced in the amount of German now spoken in the streets of Warsaw. Relations between Poles and Germans are becoming almost cordial.

All would be well with Poland if it were not for her internal politics and the state of her finances. Three quarters of the energy which the Polish politicians ought to put into financial reform and work on the Budget they devote instead to reviling one another. The result is that, although the country is prosperous and the trade balance not unfavorable, the revenue collected by the State only covers a fraction of its expenses. Consequently the note issue increases steadily and the mark falls.

It is true that the inflation of currency is partly accounted for by the loans which the Government has given to industry, and that without these loans the economic recovery would have been impossible, but the main trouble is revenue.

Those who know the peasant — who represents sixty per cent of the population — declare that he understands the necessity of paying for government, but so far the vital question of imposing a fair tax on agricultural property has been shirked for political reasons. The financial administration is bad, a remnant of Austrian bureaucracy surviving from Galicia.

The present taxes are numerous and complicated, but unproductive. Not half of them are collected, and they are difficult to increase.

The Government is making financial reform its first care now, and public attention has been drawn to the subject by the unprecedented step of summoning all the former Ministers of Finance to give advice. There is really no reason why the Polish Budget should not be balanced. Some progress was being made in that direction during the first

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six months of last year, when M. Michalski was Minister of Finance. Politics were then for a short time in abeyance until a political intrigue caused the resignation of the Ponikowski Cabinet. Since then the Poles have had a regular orgy of internal struggles, culminating in the murder of President Narutowicz. Maybe they are sated now.

If politics can only be kept in the background for a while, there is hope. The Poles are a people of great ability, and their country has enormous resources; they only need to give themselves a chance.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ITALY

From the *New Statesman, March* 10
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

THE Italian Government has issued an official denial of the truth of the rumors, chiefly of Parisian origin, concerning Italy's participation in a negotiation for a 'Latin Union' which is to put the relations of the Continental countries upon a new basis. The rapprochement aimed at in this negotiation was to be extremely close; in exchange for Italy's complete political support, France was to promote Italian emigration to her colonies on specially favorable terms, and she was also to permit Italian capital to associate itself with the great French industrial enterprises.

Signor Mussolini has expressed a curt and prompt disapproval of the terms of collaboration which the *Petit Parisien* and other 'inspired' newspapers in France have proposed — terms which were ingeniously contrived for the purpose of alarming Great Britain and forcing a reconsideration of the British attitude toward the Ruhr invasion. But the French, being obliged in their predicament to believe that anything good enough to be true is true, will probably continue to dream a happy dream of the exploitation of Italian man-power to the profit of their Continental ascendancy. That subtle flattery of the Italians contained in the phrase, 'the path to London lies through Rome,' will continue to be the order of the day.

The rumors in general seem to have been taken seriously in England; but this is evidence of the fact that very little attention has been paid there, either to Signor Mussolini's previous declarations of foreign policy, or to the tendencies of Italian public opinion since the Treaty of Versailles.

These tendencies have not been very definite; but one factor in them has been constant, and that is a prejudice against France. The common feeling in Italy is that 'our Latin neighbor' is an enemy. This feeling disappeared during the war, but was revived at the Conference of Paris, when, it was alleged, Clemenceau showed no appreciation of the sacrifices made by Italy in the Allied cause, and French military writers sought to deprive Italy of the military glory which was her due. So that a year or two after the war, if you wanted to see what an Italian looked like when in a state of militarist pugnacity, you had only to mention the French.

There was, no doubt, a good deal of

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childishness, vanity, and unreason in the expression of this prejudice. But it was worthy of attention, as an illustration of the wide difference between the post-war feeling in Italy and the post-war feeling in Great Britain, toward France. Italians, since the war, have been quite free from that sentimental sympathy for the French which is still a factor in Anglo-French relations.

It is true, as the French say, that the advent of Signor Mussolini to power has changed matters — in certain respects at least. I have not yet met the Italian who is pro-French, either in a personal or a political sense. But such an Italian must exist. That part of the Italian press, whose rôle is the laudation of Fascismo, has certainly put British policy in the worst light, and has also sought to give an impression that the French will be winners in the Ruhr.

The Fascists are, no doubt, theoretically obliged to be critical of any attitude that reminds them of Liberalism or of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, but it is rather surprising to find an independent journal, like the *Corriere della Sera*, shutting its eyes to the disastrous character of French policy. During the last few weeks, and apropos of the Ruhr, Reparations, and the Allied debts, that journal has written a good deal on the subject of Anglo-Italian relations. It has been at pains to show that England is pursuing a selfish policy; and, while admitting, tacitly at least, that the success of this 'selfishness' would be of benefit to Europe, and in particular to Italy, — who would be mad to involve herself in any Alliance with an anti-English bias, and whose interest, like England's, it is that no one country should become master of the Continent, — yet observes that Italians are not disposed to be fanatical 'about what may happen in the Ruhr.'

Similarly, Signor Mussolini himself, in his allusions to the Ruhr crisis, has mainly confined himself to generalities on the nature of politics. He speaks to the Chamber and Senate like a teacher to an elementary class, and the first lesson he says they must learn is that all countries pursue selfish ends. On the question, whether the 'selfishness' of France or that of Great Britain most nearly corresponds with Italian necessities, he has not apparently made up his mind. This is frank, but it lacks the quality of daring and *giovanerra* which ought, theoretically, to characterize all the gestures of a Fascist.

The Giolittians and Radicals have taunted the Dictator with the want of originality of his foreign policy — he has confirmed the Treaty of Rapallo and the Convention of Washington and ineffectually proposed the cancellation of the Allied debts and reduction of the German indemnity, just as Signors Giolitti, Nitti, and Facta would have done. Signor Mussolini admits the impeachment of pacifism, even boasting that Italy is now the only country which pursues a policy of peace!

But is it fair to say that the Fascist Government has done nothing original in the sphere of foreign policy? To send *two* Italian engineers to assist France in the Ruhr was a bright idea — we have not heard if M. Poincaré wept with gratitude on hearing of the arrival of these two engineers, as he is said to have wept when he received, for the reduction of the French debt, a note for 1000 francs from an English lady reader of the Continental *Daily Mail*. Looked at coldly and dispassionately — and it is thus that Signor Mussolini wants us to look — this act does not seem to have been inspired by a particular trust and affection for France. The reason given for it was that Italy had to assure herself of her supplies of coal. But Germany had neither ceased, nor threatened to cease, her deliveries

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to Italy; she would naturally have desired, when bullied by France, to placate Italy by a punctual fulfillment of obligations, and the conclusion can, therefore, be legitimately drawn that, so far as Italy is on the Ruhr, she is there to keep an eye on the French rather than on the Germans.

Roughly speaking, however, the Italian attitude toward French aims is one of bewildered abstention. As this is also the official English attitude, it is certainly unreasonable for Englishmen to blame Italy for her want of initiative. And she has, in fact, been more frank in the matter than England. No one in Italy — least of all Mussolini — indulges in the cant about France's action being just and explicable on moral grounds, though foolish from a practical point of view. On the contrary, Italy is not sure that a policy, plainly immoral, may not reward its authors.

The Fascist influence on the press has been directed toward the discouragement of sentimental hostility toward France, and it is a sensible proposal that Italians should cease to excite themselves about French 'ingratitude' in the past. It does not follow that Italy is eager to open a new account with her neighbor on the old basis of flattery or promises. Rather, if we may believe the young Fascists, next time Italy is to be a predominant partner, France a kind of satellite!

These fine gestures and this naïve conceit will not hurt anyone so long as Signor Mussolini, who, as his opponents allow, gives proof every day of his good sense, is in command. 'He can quite safely let his followers talk about an alliance with France so long as the conditions upon which alone they propose such an alliance are nonexistent. None of the Radicals and defeatists whom the Fascists have deposed knows better than Signor Mussolini the actual limitations of Italy, or realizes more clearly that her first need is not for political adventures, but for economic restoration.

THE PLEASURE OF READING BIOGRAPHIES

BY A. CLUTTON-BROCK

From the *London Mercury, March*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

I HAVE read lately, and for the first time, the English translation of the *Life of Tchaikovsky*, by his brother, Modeste Tchaikovsky. Mrs. Newmarch, the editor, tells us that in the original there are 2000 closely printed pages, containing 3000 letters and a mass of minute and almost local particulars. The translation is abridged, yet there are over 700 pages of it, and, reading it, I wish it had not been abridged. No particular is too minute or local for me, and I can read even the press notices of concerts conducted by Tchaikovsky in Germany. I can read everything in the book, and the more I read the more I wish to read.

Further, I find myself becoming a partisan for Tchaikovsky just because the book itself is not partisan, because

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it is written with a proud affection that will hide nothing. Modeste Tchaikovsky, though without genius, has Tolstoi's power of telling the truth about people, and Tchaikovsky cannot help telling the truth about himself. He was not a great talker like Johnson, nor a brilliant letter-writer; his reflections on most things except music are obvious, but they delight me because they are his; and, when he does something foolish, as he often does, my affection for him is increased. 'It is just like him,' I say to myself, and never once does he seem to do anything that is unlike him.

We are told of his indescribable charm, as often in biographies; but in this one the charm is communicated so that I can read it, even into the photographs of him. A friend speaks of his wonderful blue eyes and I can see them, often troubled, sometimes angry, but always revealing, never concealing.

It is not because of his music that the book interests me so much; I should be absorbed in it, I think, if I had never heard a note of his music. But ever since I first read the book I have listened to the music with a peculiar partiality. When it is not good, I am sorry as if a dear friend had done something foolish in public; when it is good, I am delighted and proud as if I had composed it myself; and when Stravinsky wrote a letter praising it with a personal warmth I felt the same warmth. He had said with authority what I should have liked to say.

I do not think it can be difficult to write such a biography if you have that kind of affection for your subject which will not allow you to misrepresent him, and if you have full and intimate knowledge of him; yet they are not often written. Most biographers either do not know enough, or they are afraid of the family which has commissioned them to write, or they fail to see what is interesting. Indeed, only affection and knowledge and a desire to tell the truth will teach them what is interesting.

Thus Hogg knew what was interesting about Shelley and began to tell it; but then the family thought he was making a fool of the divine poet and stopped him. Yet, because we have this fragment, and Trelawney's memoirs at the other end of Shelley's short life, he has an unfair advantage over the other poets of his time, in that even his failures interest us as expressions of a character we know so well. If someone had done for Wordsworth what these two have done for Shelley, we should not think of him as a prosy old man with an unaccountable gift; we should see something of him even in *Ellen Irwin*.

Most biographies provoke us to malicious curiosity by what they so obviously leave out. If you read the life of an archbishop who seems to be always an archbishop, from the cradle to the grave, and in his nightshirt no less than in his gaiters, you search for the slightest hint of some moment when he was not an archbishop, and magnify it in your own mind so that you come to believe he must have been more violently and more often not an archbishop than was really the case. The cupboard is so carefully locked that you think it must be full of skeletons; but in the *Life of Tchaikovsky* there is not even a cupboard. We are told of all the foolish things he did, and they were many.

Apart from his music he lived in a state of absence of mind and was always doing things he did not mean to do. He married a woman he did not know for reasons which he could not state, and had a nervous breakdown at the end of the honeymoon so that the doctors would not allow him ever to see his wife again. He always said it was no fault of hers, but to be in the same room with her was torture. He had one great

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female friend, a Madame Meck, to whom he never spoke. They corresponded incessantly, and he told her all about himself and his music in his letters. He liked this kind of friendship best, because there seemed to be no danger of disillusionment in it, and he was always in dread of that. Yet, even in this case, it came, and the friendship was ended by a complicated misunderstanding.

He worshiped Tolstoi and had one divine moment when he saw Tolstoi weep during a performance of the *Andante* in his Quartet in D major; but then, when they talked together, Tolstoi said that Beethoven lacked inspiration and Tchaikovsky would see no more of him, nor would he afterward make the acquaintance of Turgenev, who admired his music, lest he too should say something of the same kind.

But life was always tantalizing Tchaikovsky, and he never could discover what he wanted to do, outside his music; something drove him into doing things which, as soon as he did them, he disliked. Thus, though a very shy man and always homesick when he left home so that he would weep in the train, he traveled about the world conducting his own music and wondering why he did it.

Here is an entry in his diary in London: 'Not a moment's peace. Perpetual agitation, dread homesickness, fatigue'; and his brother gives this description of him in Paris in 1891: 'We met the next morning and he evinced no sign of pleasure, only wondered how I — who was under no obligation — could care to stay so long away from Russia. A chilling and gloomy look, his cheeks flushed with excitement, a bitter laugh upon his lips — this is how I always remember Peter Ilich during that visit to Paris.'

No doubt he was a fool to go; and it may be that behind his shyness he had an itch for noisy fame which is betrayed in the fever and clamor of his music. But, all the same, he is Peter Ilich to me as to his brother. Because nothing in the Life is concealed, I never judge him, but grow fonder of him with every page I read, so that, when the cholera brings a sudden end, it is as if a child had died.

I can lose myself in a biography of this kind as in no other books except a few of the greatest masterpieces, such as *Hamlet*. And I believe that *Hamlet* itself enthralls me like no other play, not so much because of the drama, as because it seems to be a biography, that biography which Hamlet himself wished Horatio to write. I acquire with Hamlet that kind of intimacy which comes only at rare moments with real men and women, an intimacy which makes all judgment seem irrelevant and which supersedes all other pleasures and excitements of literature.

But, while only the greatest writers can give us this intimacy with an imaginary character, and only Shakespeare, perhaps, has done it in a play, Modeste Tchaikovsky has done it by slow accumulation of detail in his biography; and he gives me a pleasure, less intense but lasting, so that his brother seems to have become a part of my experience.

There are other biographies that give us this intimacy, though none that I know of is quite as frank as Tchaikovsky's, except the memoirs of another musician, Miss Ethel Smyth. There is, of course, Boswell, and there are the lives of Burne-Jones, of Samuel Butler, of Father Tyrrell, and of others I do not remember at the moment; but I find myself, even in biographies that are less frank or affectionate or written with less intimate knowledge, trying to achieve this intimacy, and often succeeding, so far at least that I begin, happily, to lose my judgment about the subject of them. Thus Disraeli and Gladstone, since I have read their

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lives, which are not and cannot be very intimate, are no longer opposed party-leaders to me but human beings whom I enjoy without approving or disapproving of them.

When once you are drawn into a good biography, you find yourself becoming intimate, not only with the subject of it, but with a whole society; and so biography, no matter who the subject may be, is the best kind of history, for history itself is nothing without intimacy. Unless you can live in a period, you know nothing about it except dates; your facts are unrelated and you have no means of judging whether they are true or false. Read the *Life of Tchaikovsky* and you know something of the history of Russian music; only scraps and fragments of it as they affect him, but still they are real scraps and fragments of the truth, not mere facts that mean nothing.

But this is, or may seem to be, irrelevant to my main purpose, which is to discover why I and most readers take so much delight in intimacy with people, whether real or imaginary, whom we have never met, with Hamlet or Tchaikovsky or even Pepys. It is not, I think, the desire for knowledge that gives us that delight; we are not students of human nature or psychologists storing up pieces of information to be used. The intimacy is a pleasure in itself and makes life and our very conception of the nature of the universe more pleasant; it enriches our experience, flushing and coloring it so that we can enjoy more the society of people we do meet, especially if they too have achieved intimacy with these friends known only in books.

But why is it that we find it easier to be intimate with Hamlet or Tchaikovsky than with real people? The reason is, I think, that, often unconsciously, we are afraid of each other in the flesh, while at the same time we all long for intimacy. There are two sides to every actual human being — the practical side, which is concerned with living, and the other or ideal side, often hidden and suppressed by the practical, which is concerned with the kind of life we should like to live. The practical side is at the same time particular, individual, and uninteresting.

My income, my state of health, in themselves concern only me; others cannot be interested in them except by an act of grace and if they care for me for other reasons. So long as I am absorbed in these matters I cannot achieve intimacy, and, if I try to do so by talking about them, by trying to impose my concern with them on others, I am a bore. Yet even bores have a passionate desire to achieve intimacy, though they try to do it, like boa constrictors, by absorbing others into themselves.

We all have a passionate desire for intimacy, which is a great part of the life we should like to live; but most of us have not acquired the technique by which it can be achieved, and those few who have acquired it are hindered by lack of technique in others. We are, often with reason, on our guard against each other, so that we wear a generalized disguise which makes us seem dull and ordinary. We have a way of talking to each other, as men of the world, in which we suppress or conceal our egotisms, all the practical part of ourselves, but do not succeed in expressing the other, ideal, part of ourselves.

This way we adopt because we think it is expected of us, and by means of it we achieve, not intimacy, but a tepid kind of good fellowship in which we are pretty secure against open egotisms, against talk about ailments or attempts to borrow money. But it never gives us what we really desire of each other — that intimacy which is an enlargement of the self, not by the bore's method of annexation, but by a com-

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mon, eager interest in things of universal import.

But there is more in it than even this desire for intimacy. Think of the people in books who are most real to you, whether they be imaginary like Hamlet, or historical like Tchaikovsky, and you will find that their natures have a quick, quivering, sensuous reality for you like that of lovely bodies. The spirit, when thus clearly seen, takes on the beauty of the flesh, as it does in music; the very revelation of the self is beauty and so delight, and a beauty which, however immaterial, quickens the mind to material images. So we enjoy this revelation, however it may be achieved, as we enjoy all beauty, for its own sake and without any further purpose.

But, it may be objected, all selves are not beautiful, which is true; but the selves which are not beautiful are those which cannot or will not reveal themselves. The revelation of a self is something different from mere description or portrayal of character. In books as in real life there are characters that convince us yet have no beauty and give us no delight of intimacy. Iago, for instance, is very well drawn as if from someone Shakespeare had met, but he repels us, not only for what he does, but for what he is, or rather for what he is not.

The beauty of a character that reveals itself in real life, or is revealed in fiction or biography, is, I believe, of the same kind as the beauty of a work of art; and the ugliness of a character that does not reveal itself is also of the same nature as the ugliness of bad art. Character that reveals itself is expressive, which means that the unconscious part of it is not disguised or suppressed but realized in the conscious; and the relation between the unconscious and the conscious in character is of the same nature as the relation in art between the original impulse and the final product. It is not quite true that thought has no existence until it is expressed; for if it were true there would be no misexpression. Misexpression, however, is common in all the arts, and it is not only the failure of an impulse to find its proper equivalent in whatever the medium of expression may be, but also the finding of an improper equivalent in which the impulse is mistranslated and disguised.

So in life also there are habitual failures and misexpressions, the unconscious always disguising itself in the conscious. We dislike such expressions because they offer us a self which is not the real self, is not a self at all. The final defect, both in bad art and in evil character, is a lack of unity, often concealed, as in Iago and in the simulated passion or cynicism of bad art, by a strong pretense of unity. This pretense may take us in for a time; but as soon as we become aware of it, even if we cannot name it to ourselves, it is ugly to us. Wherever the conscious is not the equivalent of the unconscious, in art or in life, the result, the outward and visible sign of the lack of equivalence, is ugliness.

And so beauty of character is the outward and visible sign of a complete equivalence between the conscious and the unconscious, of a self unified and accomplished, as beauty in art is the outward and visible sign of a complete equivalence between the original impulse and the final product. But the expression is not in either case an automatic process; on the contrary, automatism is the opposite of expression — it is the conscious subdued to the unconscious, the victory of the raw material, of the generic over the specific, the failure to achieve a self.

People like Iago are really automatic: they behave like evil puppets mastered by mechanical forces below the self;

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and puppetry disguised as life always bores or frightens us, both in life and in art. A bad tune is like a marionette imitating the sway and dance of real melody, and Mephistopheles, in his serenade in Berlioz's *Faust*, parodies this puppetry with diabolical art; he, like Iago, would persuade us that all passion is automatism because automatism so often invades life.

So we, being ourselves often subject to automatism, are apt to be intimidated by these Devil's advocates who preach what they practise, by the Iagos who, being themselves puppets, insist that there is nothing but puppetry and no possible intimacy between spirit and spirit. And we have a corresponding delight when our misgivings are swept away by an achieved intimacy, when we become aware, not of instincts working like separate mechanical forces, but of a real self in which all instincts are unified and subdued by character. This unification, this heightening of the separate and the mechanical into the human and the real, is beauty both in nature and in art.

We sometimes meet people who are as expressive as music; more often they are revealed to us in drama or fiction; and then we do not ask ourselves whether they are good or bad. They may do wrong or foolish things but they are our friends, and more than our friends; they are part of an enlarged self into which we enter with them, a universal in which individuality is not lost but heightened.

Art is but a way of entering into this enlarged self so that the experience of one mind becomes the experience of other minds. The musician does not make those concrete events happen to us which have happened to him, but he produces in us the effects of such events upon himself, communicating, not the raw material, but the state of mind that has mastered it, so that we become, for the moment, him, as he, in the practice of his art, has become everyman, while at the same time intensifying his own character by this entry into the universal. But this universal can be entered, as Blake has insisted, only through minute particulars. There is nothing vague or generalized about it; it is not a kind of composite photograph of many characters and experiences, but the intensification of one character and its experience.

The automatic, in life and in art, is always generic; there is no character in mere instinct, and the more men are subject to it the more they are alike, while at the same time they are cut off from each other and shut into the prison of not-self by the tyranny of instinct. There is neither character nor intimacy in a crowd mastered by fear or rage; though all the members of it behave in the same way, they are a herd that will trample each other to death. And so there is neither character nor intimacy in art that is subject to instinct, in musical comedy or jingo songs or fashionable portraits. These things are like club conversation, preventing the very intimacy they profess to give; they are substitutes, like margarine; and it is possible to become so inured to them as to forget what real butter is like.

It is strange, indeed, that we can pass so much of our lives content to miss that intimacy which the real self in us so ardently desires. But the reason is, no doubt, that we achieve that real self only in intimacy and then fall back into an automatism which is not life and which but faintly remembers our moments of life. Only so can we explain our habitual forgetfulness, that literal absence of mind in which we are content to forgo what we most value and to function like machines that are making nothing. But then comes a moment of intimacy with some other human being for that moment

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alive like ourselves; or we obtain it through a book or some other work of art; and then we are in another world where we no longer do one thing for the sake of another, but where we and all things are heightened in a new relation like notes in a tune, and the relation itself is everything. It is what people call an imaginary world, but it is the only real one, as we know when we are in it; the rest of life is like waiting for a train at Clapham Junction, and a train which may never come.

Tchaikovsky was not a happy man; he knew what happiness was, yet he got it so seldom. I think the explanation of his unrest, and of his charm, was that he longed always for intimacy yet was always missing it, partly through the stupidity of others, partly through a nervousness in himself which caused him to dread the failure of intimacy, which he called disillusionment, more than he hoped to achieve it. He had longed to know Tolstoi because of the intimacy which he had experienced in *War and Peace;* but when he met Tolstoi and heard him say something foolish about Beethoven, Tolstoi himself became a puppet to him talking nonsense, and he could not fight his way through that puppetry to Tolstoi's real self.

For him there was always a slip between the cup and the lip; yet, as I read his life, his baffled desire makes an intimacy between us. I see myself and everyman in that curious character revealed in so many minute particulars; and I see life as no longer an automatism of use and wont, but as something at once tragic and comic in its conscious or unconscious efforts to be fully life.

THE MUSIC OF THE ARABS

BY ÉMILE VUILLERMOZ

From *Le Temps, February* 23
(Semiofficial Opportunist Daily)

We have no great abundance of books dealing with the music of the Arabs such as we possess for the other Mussulman arts, and for the literature and political affairs of the Islamic peoples, in which the essential facts are gathered together. Architecture, plastic and industrial arts, language, folklore, legends, and the history of the nations of Islam have been the subject of minute studies by learned men of every country, for the enthusiasm and the curiosity of Arabic scholars are unlimited. But the music of the several Mussulman civilizations still remains an intellectual *terra incognita.*

M. Jules Rouanet is one of those who deplores this gap in our knowledge. Though he understands the special attraction for investigators of the insight into the mind afforded by the plastic arts, he asks with perfect reason why 'music is not just as truly the expression of an age's emotion, the faithful representation of a race's way of feeling, a particle of the substance and the life of a people's soul, as a monument or a vase or a carpet or a minia-

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ture or a carved weapon. Is not music even in its beginning the first stammerings of a collective soul, and is it not in its glorious periods a valuable evidence of the whole psychology of generations smitten with the love of luxury and abandoning themselves sometimes with frenzy to all the pleasures of life?'

His opinions are perfectly correct, but the real reason for the silence of the scholars is to be found in one little fact, which is very simple but quite conclusive. There is no written Arab music. It therefore is impossible to discuss scores. The few theoretical works, ancient or modern, which are devoted to Arab music do not include a single written melody, and so the clearest and most convincing part of an analysis, discussions and comparisons, is always wanting.

This anomaly is one of the puzzles of musical history. How can a people so gifted in the arts, in letters, and in science have failed to invent a system of musical notation? We have learned works by Arab writers on music which treat of metrics and rhythm in an unheard-of abundance of detail, leaving no shadow upon any of the mathematical and physical problems of our art. The *Kitab el' Mousiqa* of Al-Farabi, 'the Arab Aristotle,' teaches the division of the octave into seventeen intervals, defines the five kinds of fourths, establishes the distinction between the modes according to the nature of their lower tetrachords and their high pentachords, and establishes a theory of the eighty-four circulations, which, by carrying each scale upon one of the seventeen degrees of the tonal ladder, creates one thousand four hundred and twenty-eight combinations of tones.

Native theorists have translated and commented upon Aristotle, Plato, and Aristoxenus of Tarentum. Special students have catalogued the works of famous Arab musicians and have studied their compositions, their treatment of tone, the relation between music and poetry, the science of intervals, and tonal relation of modulations and combinations of sounds and rhythm. But they are unable to show us the music itself in support of their literary labors.

The puzzle is all the more disturbing because the Arabs were able to observe round about them numerous cases of musical notation, whether with their neighbors or among the peoples whom they had subdued. They could not fail to observe the system of the Persians and of the people living in the Yemen, a notation that is derived from the musical writing of the Greeks. They were acquainted with the system of the Hindus, with the systems of Alypius, of Pythagoras, of Plato, with the alphabetical solfeggio of Boece, with the neumes of the Mozarabs of Spain, with the notation used in Aquitaine, as well as with Byzantine or Armenian literature. Why did they despise all the hints thus offered them? Why did they fail to use one or another of these systems? Or why did they not at least draw on them to create a new system of their own?

Several explanations have been suggested for this remarkable fact, but none of them are very satisfactory. Music may have been considered in the beginning as the art of slaves and beggars, unworthy of so much trouble; but the importance which the Caliphs attached to music, the honors with which they surrounded musicians, and the respectful tone in which they are referred to by the ancient authors of whom we have knowledge, as well as the learned and laborious technical treatises on the subject, overthrow this theory.

Some have suggested religious scruples, and have held that the Arabs sought in this way to prevent any prof-

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anation of their art by the infidels. But such an argument does not apply to their secular music.

M. Jules Rouanet proposed an explanation at the congress of Orientalists and learned societies held at Algiers in 1905, which he modestly referred to as 'getting down to earth,' but which is certainly the least fantastic of them all: 'The profession of singer and musician,' he said, 'was formerly very profitable and it carried with it rich privileges. In the great periods, the rulers and men of wealth vied with one another in their largess to artists in song or with the lute. Any one of these gentry might receive a fortune for three songs that hit the public fancy. Was not this generous treatment likely to lead composers to keep their musical repertory sedulously to themselves? This theory is all the more probable because even in the middle of the nineteenth century we saw most of the Arab singers of Egypt or Maghreb refuse to dictate their melodies and even play them with mistakes in order to throw off the track the curiosity of a foreigner or a competitor.'

Indifferent or positively hostile to the hints that neighboring peoples might give them with regard to systems of musical notation, the Arabs preserved the same disdainful conservatism in their vocal or instrumental technique. Arab music is to-day what it was in the time of Al-Farabi. Now, as then, it is purely homophonic, fundamentally rhythmic. As in earlier days, it relies on the use of small intervals and it still employs the same old instruments. Arab musicians refuse to learn counterpoint, harmony, or polyphony under its various forms. In their art they have an ardent distrust of the new, which is truly Platonic. Arab music is bent in upon itself and it has remained what it is for a thousand years.

Numberless religious or purely poetic legends among the Arabs explain the beginning of music. According to some, music was a divine gift brought by the archangel Harit, who, after his revolt was to become the shadowy Iblis. This Arab Lucifer taught human creatures how to sing in order to lead them into temptation, and when the Creator in an endeavor to check the disaster destroyed the fallen angel's memory for music, it was too late. Mankind had already become musicians, but they had received only partial instruction. They always remained in the early stages of the art, their lessons having been unfortunately interrupted.

According to others, the gift of music was revealed to all human souls at the same time, before they were inserted in the bodies wherein they were to dwell during the course of the centuries. With this audience of pure and unattached spirits Allah organized a kind of planetary symphony. As one starts a mechanical music-box going to-day, so the Creator set a number of the planetary bodies to moving, and the souls heard the indescribable harmony that the stars produce in their regular movements. Some were filled with enthusiasm, others remained indifferent, and from that moment their musical capacities were determined forever. That is why some of us are musicians and some are not, according to the chance distribution of souls among those who delighted in the movement of the planets and those who did not understand it.

Lamek, the inventor of the lute, founded a family of musicians. His son Tubal invented big drums, his daughter Dilal invented harps. Vocal music was discovered by accident. Among the Arabs the first rhythmic song was the *hida*. Modar, son of Nizar, while he was on a journey, fell off his camel and hurt his hand. He began to shriek:

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'*Ya ida! Ya ida!*' (Oh, my hand! Oh, my hand!) The drivers noticed that the camels, affected by these lamentations, lifted their heads, quickened their pace, and speeded up the march. So the leaders of the caravans adopted the hida, or camel-driver's song, which became very valuable. Such was the origin of the measures which no doubt were actually developed by the native genius of the Bedouin, corresponding to the needs of his life and the conditions under which he carried on his monotonous existence, from which later on the theorists would deduce their laws.

Many charming stories show us with what intense delight the ancient Mussulman regarded music. So strong was this pleasure that it often seemed a sin to the virtuous sons of the Prophet. Abdullah, when he heard a chorus of women's voices, was greatly disturbed. 'I should never have believed,' he said, 'that art could go so far. These are truly seductive strains that stir the heart and trouble the senses. That is why some people condemn music.' The illustrious Souraydj, an incomparable singer, having been afflicted with painful attacks of rheumatism, believed that he was being punished by God for having devoted his life to music, and he gave himself up to religious rites of the most austere devotion.

The Caliph Walid showed his musical feelings in a highly original way. When a piece was finished the Caliph would hastily throw off his cloak and plunge into a pool of water or perfumed wine, sink into it, rise, emerge from the water, dress himself in new clothes, and begin some new melody that chanced to please him; and he presented to the singers who had entertained him the garments, made of precious cloth embroidered with gold, in which he dressed after each new bath, adding thereto a thousand pieces of gold.

The Arabs are passionately fond of song in which they distinguish and enjoy the most subtle gradations. They distinguish twenty-eight characteristic qualities of the voice and classify them by imperceptible degrees. The Arab singer is regarded as the faithful guardian of a precious tradition, as the priest of a cult threatened by the invading civilization of Europe.

Here is the portrait of a singer as he was conceived by the masters of the art: 'He is polite, he is agreeable, dressed in perfumed clothing of colors pleasing to the eye. Meeting with all the world he observes each audience and chooses from his repertoire the songs that best consort with the social position or the taste of his hearers. He drinks nothing before his song nor during its execution, in order that he may avoid the numerous inconveniences of drunkenness, for the singer is an ornament to society. Comfortably seated, neither bending forward nor leaning back, he twists neither his jaw nor his neck, stirs neither feet nor hands, is not aroused, does not grimace with his face, and makes no effort at all to be affected.

'He does not show that he is pleased with what he has sung, nor does he move from the place assigned to him, nor does he look with especial attention at any window or drapery behind which there may probably be ladies. He avoids tying a scarf about his neck frequently in order merely to show that he has a precious voice to care for, since very often with usage this voice may become no better than that of an ass. He is virtuous, discreet, he does not chatter. He asks for no pay in public, and he avoids correcting one of his accompanists before the audience. Finally, he is learned, able to converse on music, song, clothing, jewels, arms, horses, falcons, furniture, books, and sciences. Such is the perfect Arabian singer.'

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If these are the qualities demanded from a Mussulman, what tenor from the Opéra is worthy to be a convert to Islam?

But the audience, too, must exhibit perfect demeanor. They must be calm and collected. They must content themselves with murmuring '*Mach Allah!*' (Glory to God!) or '*Cheker!*' (It is sugar!) and they may also pass their hands delightedly across their stomachs as if digesting delicious dainties. The famous woman singer Azzé demanded strict silence from her audience, and if anyone talked or stirred he was immediately punished by a whack over the head with a stick. Our own French public might well take heed of these excellent examples.

As one reads the history of Mussulman art, one comes to see that the musical circles of the eighteenth century in Arabia were not very different from our own. The great composer Hakem, after having achieved distinction with *thakil*, which are slow and serious melodies, began to compose *hazadj*, light and frivolous little refrains. To his son who reproached him for making such use of his talent he replied: 'I have spent thirty years on thakil, and have barely got enough to live on. I have been singing hazadj for less than three years, and I have got more money than you have seen in your life.'

You can see that there is really nothing new under the sun.

WALTER SCOTT: AN ITALIAN ESTIMATE

BY BENEDETTO CROCE

[Signor Croce's book on Shakespeare, which appeared last year, aroused comment wherever English is spoken. In the present study, the distinguished Italian philosopher and writer on æsthetics transfers his attention to a lesser luminary of our literature.]

From *La Prensa, February* 4
(Buenos Aires Anti-Administration Daily)

No writer of the first half of the nineteenth century, surveying the recent history of literature, could possibly have failed to place Walter Scott, the great Scottish poet and novelist, among the stars of first magnitude. His works spread triumphantly to all the countries of the world, giving birth to countless imitations everywhere. Few writers had so many disciples, and such significant ones, as did Walter Scott.

The eulogies and the enthusiasm did not rise from the middle stratum of the reading public only: we may recall Goethe, who thought Scott 'a great genius without equal, who rightly produces such an extraordinary impression upon the readers of the world.' In his native country, it was customary to compare the great novelist with Shakespeare.

At present all this glory is a thing of the past. Critical judgment, especially since the appearance of Taine's notable pages, has showed itself fierce

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and depreciative. In truth, it is difficult not to lose patience with those novels by the time you have read them. They are too long; and, besides the fatigue, our contemporary reader feels the artificiality of this art, the mechanical quality of its proceedings. As a result, the reader entertains a revengeful desire to speak about these novels in a flippant manner. If they were only two or three, how much more indulgence they might have met! One would have looked eagerly for their positive aspects, and the little gems of literary art that are found here and there among the endless pages would have been picked out religiously. However, we must arm ourselves with serenity; and in the first place we must consider the purpose that Scott and his art served in his own day. This office was nothing else than that of an industrial producer whose duty it was to supply the market amply with a commodity for which the demand was even greater than the necessity.

Do such necessities really exist — necessities of either stimulating or restraining the imaginative faculty of the mind? Is it not a sane craving of the imagination to demand images of virtue, prowess, generous sentiment? Is it not natural to be unwilling to waste one's time on a mere satisfaction of this craving and to demand simultaneously some instruction in historical events and customs? Walter Scott possessed a genius for industrial enterprise. He began by composing a few poems that were the first ones to satisfy the existing demand. In a few years, however, he discovered that these goods were going out of fashion; besides, a dangerous rival appeared in the field of poetry — Lord Byron. Thus he passed from poetry to prose. He surrounded his name with mystery, calling himself 'author of the Waverley Novels,' and met with extraordinary success, which accompanied him to his last days.

When reading Scott's biographies, one feels as if he were reading those of some captain of industry. One admires and praises the penetrativeness of his inventive mind as well as his assiduity, which enabled him to produce two or three novels a year, not to mention the marvelous castle which he was able to build for himself with the enormous sums he gained, and his princely hospitality.

Almost nothing is said of his intimate life, of his experiences in love or religion, of his ideas; still less of his spiritual struggles and disappointments. The dramatic cumulative point of Scott's biographers is the failure of his fellow publisher and the enormous monetary loss he sustained. At this point Scott surmounts his misfortune, refuses to be disheartened, takes hold of his pen once more and assumes the obligation of paying all his creditors by his writings. He ruins his health to meet these obligations, but he does meet them in the end. It is not a biography belonging to the history of literature; it is a book in the spirit of *Self-Help* and the other works of Smiles and his followers.

In the second place, we must consider that the European demand for works of the kind Walter Scott could supply came as an outgrowth of the revived historic-moral-political sentiment which had come as a reaction against the rationalism of the eighteenth century and the Jacobinism of the French Revolution. Scott was not the author of this intellectual movement; but he most certainly was its discoverer and its ingenious exploiter.

We must not undervalue the importance and the spiritual effectiveness of this work of discovery. The easy 'Scottian' novel reached such strata

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as were inaccessible to philosophers, historians, or even poets. Walter Scott's Scotland created many other Scotlands — that is to say, it generated innumerable evocations of the past and representations of national customs in all parts of Europe. Its influence was experienced by the professional historians themselves — fortunately enough — causing them to abandon their monotonous and colorless manner, but unfortunately also giving them an incentive to conceive history as a historical novel — as a brilliant frame devoid of its own importance.

But this last exaggeration has passed and the beneficial effects have stayed. It would be impossible to-day to characterize adequately the historical writings of the nineteenth century without taking into account the part that Walter Scott played in their evolution.

We can hardly speak of art, but rather of Sir Walter Scott's ability to contrive plots, which is more important for our purposes. This capacity should not be judged by the standards of our day, for such a comparison would make it appear poor and inexperienced, at best not much of a talent. Anyone who attempted Scott's methods of construction to-day would be laughed at; but we must compare them with the manner of his contemporary writers and judge them by the disposition of his contemporary readers, to do them full justice.

After all Goethe, who himself was poorly gifted in novel-writing, admired in Walter Scott chiefly his ability to compose his historical narratives. 'This entirely new art, discovered by him, gives enough food for thought; it is an art possessing laws all its own,' Goethe said of Scott. The long novels invariably had a good 'antiquarian' and 'tourist' background. They began with descriptions of landscapes and customs. The reader's interest was then held in suspension by mysterious characters. Ethics agreeably gave place to comedy for a change. Persons possessed by a single idea or a single desire were depicted with a condescending smile; but invariably the other ones —the noble and valorous—were put in the first line and exposed for admiration.

Scott's art has to be finally considered — but not before the other things already mentioned; it could not be the chief criterion for judging his works, because first of all Scott himself did not give it principal consideration. Most certainly one feels a strong desire to repudiate Scott at a single stroke when reading such critics as, for instance, Gosse: 'England could defy all the literatures of the world to find among their ranks a genius of greater purity, a writer who has more brilliantly combined history and novel, and set marvelous narratives in a frame of everyday life.' But such criticism should not cause us to abandon our cool historical method. It is plainly manifest that Gosse himself feels uncertain in his affirmations. He finishes by saying that, if Europe has nothing more to do with Scott, his English fatherland will keep him all to itself and will always be exalted by his works, where the most perfect style of the national literature is to be found; that he has never written a single morbid, improper, or vulgar word — he is the perfect type of English gentleman.

Yes, of gentleman — but not of poet! Walter Scott's limited poetic genius promptly diffuses itself in his prosaic temperament. His most celebrated lines show the quality of his composition: —

> The way was long, the wind was cold,
> The minstrel was infirm and old:
> His withered cheek and tresses gray
> Seemed to have known a better day;
> The harp, his sole remaining joy,
> Was carried by an orphan boy. . . .

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Again, there is his description of Melrose Abbey: —

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
Where the broken arches are blank in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain power
Streams on the ruined central tower.
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair! . . .

The art of his novels is an equally superficial one, as in *Ivanhoe*, which begins with a journey across a plain and continues to present to our eyes so-called interesting episodes and characters, but which, at the close of the book, leaves us with the feeling of a vacancy and perplexity. There is no epic sentiment in this novel, nor is there love, or religion, or any other feeling. The personages live by themselves, presenting an entertaining spectacle to our eyes, that is, to our imagination. There is no true development, and only a succession of attractive episodes is held out to us instead of an artistic idea.

At times it seems as if a live pulse were beginning to beat, as in the celebrated episode of the knight's passion for Rebecca, the Jewess. But this episode, as all the rest, is treated in a conventional manner; the conversation between the knight and the Jewish maiden is often absurd. We get the external surroundings of an inner drama — but the soul of the drama is missing. Best of all are those passages where we are given to feel the generous impulse in the knight's heart, and the episode of his death — not from an enemy's weapon, but from the overwhelming tension of his own passions.

The image of Rebecca also has something elevated and delicate, especially in the final scene of her visit to Lady Rowena. Rebecca is a Jewess who stays such out of loyalty to her race.

These glimpses of genuine drama are more abundant in other novels, as, for instance, in *Old Mortality*, where the rustic and licentious Sergeant Bothwell makes himself ridiculous by talking all the time about his descent from the Stuarts. When he dies in battle, Morton finds on his person a drawing of the Stuart genealogical tree, two letters written in a beautiful feminine handwriting and dated some twenty years before, a lock of hair, and some verses composed by Bothwell himself. Morton then reflects upon the destiny of that strange and unfortunate man who, amid all his misery and disgrace, kept thinking of the high summits whither his noble lineage ought to lead him; and who never forgot, even in his abjectness, his youthful years and his noble love.

There is poetry in Walter Scott's descriptions of travel and of unexpected encounters like those in the first chapters of *Rob Roy*. But all this is soon completely submerged in the outward intrigue.

Walter Scott's good-natured smile — as when he draws the portrait of the priest in St. Ronan's Well — is really the most frankly poetic trait the novelist possesses. Sometimes it illumines even his comic figures. I think that *The Heart of Midlothian* is his best novel just because it is impregnated with such good nature, not only in particular episodes but throughout the whole plot. It does not lack the usual complications; it presents, of course, a gang of bandits who in reality are not bandits but noblemen of refined sentiments, as well as other attractions. But you cannot help being conquered by the story of gentle Effie incarcerated on a false charge

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of having murdered her own son; by the immaculate integrity and the valor of her sister Jeanie, who refuses to utter a lie in order to save her sister's life and later saves her by braving all danger and by obtaining her pardon. You could not help liking the rough and avaricious but sentimental and timidly enamored Laird Dumbiedikes, and admiring the perverse and generous Madge, suspicious and astute in her madness — a character described in a most realistic manner and yet encircled in a halo of piety.

The author shows us the pedantry and vain complacency of David Deans, the father of the two sisters, even in his moments of acute sorrow; and yet the man appears noble and arouses sympathy.

Let us look for these outbursts of good will, humanity, and smiling simplicity among the voluminous works of Walter Scott. All the rest is either labor or erudition; but from these spots shines his modest poesy, which makes it possible for us to take leave in a sympathetic mood of a writer who delighted our grandparents and parents, and who, for this reason alone, would deserve a courteous reception on the part of the younger generations.

THE GYPSY-TOWN OF SOFIA

BY FRANCESCO SAPORI

From *La Tribuna, February* 13
(ROME LIBERAL DAILY)

I HAVE seen Gypsies wander all over the wide world with the look of a beaten dog, with an avid, egoistic expression peculiar to those who do not know whether they will have anything to eat to-morrow. I have seen them always the same under different skies: filthy, ragged, like shepherds without a flock. They might count the stars as their own money; they always seemed related to, or part of the road, the dust, the rain, the mud and the ditches, but without a country, and with no limit to their wanderings. They were lords and servants at the same time. I have seen them, with painted faces, perform in an itinerant circus, beat their tambourines and swallow burning rope; or do tinkering about villages; repairing umbrellas in the suburbs; juggling and begging in the streets of important cities; or grinding a hand organ and singing at the top of their voices songs which no one could understand, and which seemed the very voice of homeless poverty invoking death and oblivion. The Gypsy is on the road forever. He has no origin and no home; he is but a passing sorrow, a leaf off a tree, driven about by the wind, deprived of any importance. He does not count in our common life, this devotee of poverty and humility. One is almost tempted to think a Gypsy is not human.

But he is also a thief, a liar, an untrustworthy rascal. At times he looks like one who has escaped from the galleys and still sees handcuffs and armed guards with his wild, fright-

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ened eyes. Mothers hold their little ones close to their bosoms whenever the vagabond carts pass their doors, driven by a nag all bones, rags hanging from everywhere, and a mangy dog limping behind — a famished defender of the famished pilgrims. They inspire fear and aversion; people want them to go on, as far away as possible; they are birds of ill omen!

Yesterday, as I left the Cathedral of Sofia after attending a church service celebrated by an athletic and bearded *pope*, I was accosted in the street by a formless human bundle with eyes that sparkled phosphorescently from the encompassing rags.

'*Gospodine, za tova dete!* Something for this baby, sir!'

I looked closer. It was a young Gypsy woman, lean and haggard. Across her hips was fastened a kind of seat made of rags, in which her tiny baby lay.

I felt a desire to know more about the Gypsies of Sofia, to see them in their own settlement, which I knew existed somewhere on the outskirts of the town. Sometimes — so I was told — even Gypsies have a roof over their heads and a home to live in, like other people.

In summer time this quarter must offer entrancingly picturesque scenes; naked babies with copper-tinted skin, romping and playing in the streets with a plasticity of movement such as might be taught them by a great artist; clouds of dust enveloping these little figures from time to time and making them appear like little elves behind a semitransparent veil.

But it was winter, and the open-air life had ceased. It would be difficult for me to see those people, shut in as they live in winter. Pictures of human misery floated before my eyes, and I could not rid myself of them. All the while my carriage was being jerked about over rough pavements behind its two horses decorated with red cockades, I imagined myself on the way to some mysterious *Court de Miracles* like the one described by Victor Hugo; harsh types of humanity, Goya's drawings, crossed my imaginary vision. I had to make a vigorous effort to get back to reality and take note of the surroundings.

The Sunday was a gray and dreary one. The Gypsy-town consists of an uncouth street between two rows of one-story houses, some of them in the ancient Bulgarian style, reminiscent of very ancient times. Abandoned excavations here and there relieved the monotony of the line.

Now let us take a closer view. A fountain in the middle of the street is surrounded by a group of children who stare at me in bewilderment. An old man with squinting eyes leans against an outside wall as if supporting the weight of the old hovel. A little farther the crossing of two streets forms a small square, completely covered with mire and refuse; a litter of rosy young pigs roam about grunting with satisfaction, and small boys roll in a mixture of dirt and snow. Two soldiers, wrapped in gray coats, walk slowly in the direction of the city, silent as shadows.

The women whom I see enter and leave the houses wear long, loose trousers gathered tightly above their usually bare feet. At each movement of the women, the wind inflates these garments.

The Sofia Gypsies are mostly of medium stature, slim and agile, of a strikingly sensuous appearance. Their vivid eyes and splendid white teeth remind one of two other racial types, so entirely different from their own: the Japanese and the Saracens.

Three young girls stand in a semicircle, their arms interlaced behind

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their backs. Are they posing for a group of Oriental 'Three Graces'? As a matter of fact, all the models of the Sofia Art Institute come from the Gypsy quarter. Presently the tallest of the three young beauties leaves her companions, and walks alone along the icy pavement, paying no attention to the curious stranger, her every step falling obediently into rhythm. With elegant pose she carries a cigarette in her fingers. Suddenly she hears someone call her; she turns her head and laughs — and the nebulous atmosphere seems to be clearing around her.

Curiosity causes a crowd of children to gather, hoping for a profitable Sunday. They follow me closely, but do not beg for alms with the importunity which I had expected of them. Some of them stand off at a distance — in silence, as for instance that little one with glaring eyes, and his bare feet in the snow, a dirty nose, and no warm clothing except a ragged black jacket. His aristocratic, Japanese-like face does not even express sadness, only stupor.

Suddenly the little brigade which is escorting me gives way to a frightened child, running wildly out of a low, dingy portal as if he had been brutally ejected from the inside. The lad is almost naked; his flesh is bluish and covered with welts. His face, distorted with fright and pain, tells a story of hunger, cold, abandonment, and abuse. His eyes 'have no more tears.' This living image of child-abuse and inhumanity does not even seem to dare show itself in the open: the child has hardly appeared in the street when he turns back and runs again toward the house. But a man seizes him and leads him up to me. I should like to say something that would penetrate to the soul of this little one who has no more hope — to recall the mother he must have lost. He seizes his dole with a quick movement, without even looking at me, and with his fist closed tight over it runs back, to receive the blows that are doubtless ready for him within. His livid body disappears in the dark entrance.

To relieve my mind of depressing sadness, I look through the windows of some pretty, neatly kept dwellings, with straw mats upon the floor and Gypsy families squatting upon them. Pots with plants ready to blossom at the first signs of approaching spring stand upon the window sills. An open fireplace, or simply a bonfire, helps to make the inside cheerful. Some of the Gypsies are weaving reeds into baskets, but most of them sit in circles, smoke, drink tea or vodka, and thus enjoy the early Sunday afternoon in the intimacy of their homes.

But I could not consider visiting the Gypsy-town without going inside of a house.

First of all, I stop before a tobacco-shop, which proves nothing else but an inn. Immediately upon entering I behold a bootblack surrounded with his little boxes and brushes, kneeling before a huge man who seems to touch the ceiling with his hat. A lean and melancholy youth stands behind a counter, selling tobacco and cigarettes. Five tables stand in the middle of the room, with people sitting around them drinking. I make my way toward one where I see a vacant chair, greet those who greet me, and order wine. In a few moments all embarrassment disappears on both sides; the Gypsies regard me without a trace of diffidence. The oldest among them, who is still a man in his prime, with a long beard, a fez on his head, and a broad sash around his waist, begins to talk to me without even a question on my part.

'*Gospodine*, do not look at these rags to which we are now reduced. Things were not always as they are now. Once

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upon a time we too had a country and a great King: the Pharaoh. At that time the Hebrews were our slaves. But they did not like to work. All they did was to exchange and to bank money. Displeased with their avarice and idleness, the Pharaoh wanted them to till the soil, the way the Gypsy people did. He called the Hebrews to himself, gave them grain and ordered them to sow it. But those people boiled the grain first, and then sowed it, so that nothing came up but prickly weeds. It was then that the Pharaoh ordered them to harvest those weeds as if it were grain; and he made them thresh it with their bare feet.

'Nevertheless, the Hebrews did not want to till the soil, nor pursue any other trade. They wanted to live off our labors. Then the Pharaoh decided to exterminate them, and ordered all their male babes to be killed. There was, among others, a Hebrew mother who had a beautiful little boy and was in despair because she was about to lose him. She put him in a basket and carried him to the river, hoping to save him. She left him upon the bank and hid in the bushes so as to see what would become of her baby.

'The Pharaoh's daughter came to the river at that hour, to have a bath. She saw the basket and ordered it to be brought to the palace. But the King wanted to know whether the child was Gypsy or Hebrew, in order to decide its fate. So he ordered that two plates be brought before him; gold coins were put on one, and hot coals on the other, and the King said: "If the child is Gypsy, he will stretch his arms toward the fire; if Hebrew — toward the money."

'Indeed, the baby turned toward the money. But he was so beautiful that the Pharaoh's daughter implored her father to grant him life. Thus the boy grew up at the court and became deeply versed in science and magic; so much so that the Pharaoh made him his chief minister. But being Hebrew, his blood called him back to his own people. One dark night he called them together and they secretly left the realm of the Pharaoh. The following morning the Pharaoh learned of their flight, pursued them with his army, and overtook them on the banks of the Danube. But the leader of the Hebrews was a magician; he caused the waters to part and the Hebrews all passed safely across.

'Seeing the waters open, the Pharaoh ordered his army to follow the Hebrews, and he himself, too, went down between the parted waters. When they were in the middle, the great magician ordered the waters to close again, and the Pharaoh and his army were overwhelmed in the stream.

'He is still there, astride his steed, adorned with gold and silver; and he will see the day when he will come forth again, unite all the Gypsies around him, and reëstablish our realm!'

Here was a curious variant of a page of the Bible which I am rendering exactly as I heard it, without adding anything of my own.

After hearing this tale, I shook hands cordially with the Gypsy who is waiting for his empire. I then left the inn and walked across the farther part of the Gypsy-town. The children, less timid than they were in the beginning, followed me to my cab. I saw again the square with the roaming pigs — the only valuable possession of the Sofia Gypsies — and left behind me those people, the last page of whose history has closed forever, but whose proud hopes still gleam like sunshine through the mist.

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TWO DINERS–OUT

BY A. R.

From the *Manchester Guardian, January* 3
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

PIPPA had bobbed golden hair and a black feather fan that dangled over her partners' shoulders when she danced. But she was not dancing now, and the fan lay neglected in the top long drawer of her room in college, adding to the already considerable confusion that prevailed there. It, and all it stood for, were definitely shelved this evening; and, had such a proceeding been practical, her bobbed hair also would have been superseded for one night only, and replaced by a decorous, screwed-up bun. For Pippa was dining with the Professor of Experimental Theology.

An aunt had put the wife of that distinguished scholar on to her track, begging her to keep an eye on the little niece only just up from school. There is no controlling aunts; they will do these things. So Pippa had resigned herself, bundled into a taxi, and bowled along into the dingy heart of the suburbs of the university town; and here she was toying demurely with a chicken's wing. She had come resigned to boredom, and instead, to her surprise, she was interested.

The company was what she had expected — several nervous undergraduates male and female, a don with a stutter who was supposed to be the greatest living authority on Restoration dramatists, and two indeterminate women. But none of these was contributing to Pippa's happiness. The reason for it was seated opposite her, simultaneously attacking his second helping of chicken and rambling through a story about one 'Old Gab' who, it appeared, was the Rev. Gabriel Finlay, the Proctor of St. George's College, until his decease sometime in the sixties. The story was not easy to follow, but it was evidently intended to make fun of 'Old Gab.' Pippa watched the blue eyes opposite her light up with vindictive mirth, knew that no one was listening with any pleasure, and she felt sorry.

The raconteur, Mr. Wadbroke, was the oldest don in the University. Whenever he was mentioned people shrugged their shoulders and smiled and wondered whether anything would ever induce him to retire. She, Pippa, was the first to see that he was really a poor old thing, infinitely to be pitied. He had never had a chance. Born into the stuffiest epoch conceivable — Pippa knew her Victorians — his learning had penned him into the stuffiest society of that epoch. He had lived a don among dons for nearly seventy years — and he had never married.

Poor old man! Pippa lost herself in a vista of what-might-have-beens. Most prominent among these was a wife, silver-haired by now, and surrounded by grandchildren, perhaps by great-grandchildren. Their youthful influence would have carried Mr. Wadbroke along with them. As it was, he had probably never seen a girl smoke, and never heard of jazz. Think of it, a mind weighted and overburdened with all manner of strange words from three dead languages with no corner in it for 'jazz'! And his reading! Why, the

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chances were he thought of Shaw as Pippa and other normal folk thought of Dr. Frank Crane with his five million readers daily.

The sadness of his case in contrast to her own rosy existence appealed more and more to Pippa. After dinner, when they were drinking coffee in the drawing-room, she made a point of sitting next to him — there was no competition for the post — and trying to draw him out. But, although he was courtly and amiable, she felt as the taxi hurried her back to college that the tête-à-tête had not been a success. It is impossible to soften the hard crust of seventy years in ten minutes.

If you look up Wadbroke, James Athanasius in *Who's Who*, your first impression will be that you have stumbled somehow upon an obituary. For, after 'b. 1833' and the usual early entries, you will find a cluster of academic successes against his name in the middle fifties, and then — silence. But through the seventy years from the Crimean War until the present day, uncharted though they are in his case by *Who's Who*, Mr. Wadbroke has never once died. Nor has he looked like dying. Once, indeed, he broke his leg while presiding over certain classical excavations in Greece; but he seized the opportunity given him by this enforced lying-up to write a monograph very abusive to former writers upon the same subject and almost his solitary excursion into print.

Born into a comfortably rich family — two of his brothers had commissions bought for them in Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards — he had soon shown a passion for the classical languages. In his school holidays he translated the first six books of Homer's *Iliad* from the original Greek into Latin verses, and the last six books of Virgil's *Æneid* from the original Latin into Greek verses. As a freshman he wrote a highly popular limerick in Hebrew, hinting — though without offense to religious susceptibilities — that the Book of Genesis was not an altogether reliable historical document; and he attacked 'the commercial traveler' Mr. Cobden in a most amusing parody of Aristophanes.

It was fitting that such brilliance should be rewarded by a fellowship, and before he was twenty-five young Mr. Wadbroke became a tutor of his own college. It is at this point that *Who's Who* breaks down; for since then Mr. Wadbroke has only indulged in eight public actions. He wrote during the lifetime of Mr. Gladstone seven letters to the *Times*, attacking that statesman at various points in his descent down the inclined plane of Liberalism; and he wrote an epigram for his favorite weekly paper in which he compared President Kruger to the Emperor Nero.

Such was the man who had made Pippa's dinner worth while. As he climbed into the 'handsome' he had specially ordered to fetch him, he too was feeling contented. The dinner had been good and the port no worse than he had expected. But normally even the best dinner did not prevent him from coming away filled with amusement and contempt for his fellow guests. His drives home were as a result usually devoted to the thinking-out of phrases by which his amusement might be conveyed to his colleagues, and thus, in God's good time, to the persons who had aroused it.

To-night, though, he felt amiable and at peace with the world. His thoughts revolved aimlessly around the party he had left. Parties had changed since he was a young man. Fancy, a girl with full undergraduate membership in the university had been seated

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opposite to him and had chatted with him over the coffee! There were some he could name who must have turned in their graves to see him talking to that child. But he did n't resent her presence. All this nonsense about higher education for women was, of course, infuriating cant, but when you were brought face to face with one of the victims it was impossible to be annoyed.

No doubt this child was typical of them all. Well-meaning, but gauche and oh! so vulgar with that demimondaine cropped hair. Visions of model young ladies minced past him from the drawing-rooms of his youth. They had known how to be silent before gentlemen. They had known how to enter and how to leave a room. This poor child tried to talk, and her movements had filled him with compassion. But she had never had a chance. Born into the most vulgar epoch since the decline of Rome — Mr. Wadbroke knew his post-war England — she was a victim rather than a criminal.

It gave him a novel feeling of very pleasant melancholy to think about Pippa. It brought out his own good luck in having been born in so distant and so happy an age. And in never having married! Why marriage would, perhaps, have brought him the sad burden of some young relative like this girl. He could not have borne that. Even as a stranger she affected him. Poor child!

The 'handsome' drew up at the college gates, and Mr. Wadbroke reprimanded the porter for not opening them more promptly. He felt quite emotional after meeting that child. Against the ruthless vulgarisms of her generation she was so defenseless.

A GENTLEMAN PIRATE

BY RICARDO FERNANDEZ GUARDIA

[*Señor Guardia is a Costa Rican scholar and author of several lively books upon his native land. The editor of the* Revue de l'Amérique Latine *says of him: 'Like the charming historians of the eighteenth century, he knows that history is the novel that might have been, and a novel is the history that might have been.'*]

From *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine, February*
(Paris American-Affairs Monthly)

In the days of her grandeur, Spain had no bitterer enemy than Sir Francis Drake, the fearless sea-rover who through his exploits became one of the most famous of Queen Elizabeth's admirals. A pupil of his relative, Sir John Hawkins, and a corsair no less daring than he, Drake was one of the founders of England's naval power, and the first sailor of his nation to circumnavigate the globe — a feat that Magellan and Sebastián del Cano had accomplished fifty-eight years before. Such was his hatred of the Spanish that he was wont to say: 'Whether there be peace or war between Spain and England, there will always be war between Drake and the supporters of the Inquisition.'

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These words might make it seem that religious fanaticism was the sole reason for his hatred, but there was another. Drake never forgave the defeat that he experienced at the hands of the Spaniards at San-Juan-de-Ulloa in 1568, when he was the very youthful captain of the Judith, a defeat that involved the loss of all that he possessed. His revenge was terrible, and it is not too much to say that he devoted to it all that remained of his life. Sailing back to the American coast a few years afterward, he looted the city of Nombre de Dios, and, after having penetrated into the Isthmus of Panama, he perceived the Pacific Ocean from its heights; and from that moment he determined to sail that sea in an English ship.

Queen Elizabeth, having given her approval to his plan, gave him also the means of carrying it out, and in the month of April, 1578, he reached the Brazilian coast with five ships. After he had made his way up the Rio de la Plata, he returned to the Bay of San-Julian, where he beheaded one of his lieutenants, Thomas Doughty, who had endeavored to rebel against his authority. Parting company with two of the vessels that were with him, he sailed through the Straits of Magellan guided by Nuño de Silva, an expert Portuguese pilot whom he had captured in the Cape Verde Islands. But his ship, the Golden Hind, alone succeeded in passing through the Straits. The other two sailed back to England.

Once in the Pacific, Drake laid his heavy hand upon a rich store of gold and precious stones at Valparaiso. He was driven off at Coquimbo; but at Arica he took possession of three thousand bars of silver, looted all the ships that he found at Callao, and, giving chase to the San-Juan-de-Anton, en route to Panama, he made a prize of its cargo, which was valued at 900,000 piastres.

Fourteen months after the English coast had been lost to sight, the fortunate pirate reached the Province of Costa Rica, which at that moment was governed by Juan Solano during the absence of Diego de Artieda Chirinos. He stopped at the bay that bears the name of Drake to this day, opposite the island of Caño; and there, on the twentieth of March, 1579, he saw a little ship coming from the port of San Pedro del Palmar, situated at the mouth of the Rio Barranca, which he had left three days before, with a cargo of Indian corn, sarsaparilla, jars of lard and honey, and building wood, consigned to Panama. The ship was commanded by Rodrigo Tello, and on board were fourteen passengers, among whom were Alonso Sanchez Colchero and Martin de Aguirre, pilots whom the Viceroy of New Spain was sending to Panama to conduct General Don Gonzalo Ronquillo to the Philippine Islands.

A boat with thirty Englishmen put off toward the ship, which was ordered to yield by means of trumpets and several shots with the arquebuse fired in the air; but when the English saw that the Spaniards were getting ready for defense they made an attack upon them, wounded two, and compelled them to yield. The prize was taken to the spot where the Golden Hind was refitting. Drake treated his prisoners well, and in place of silver bars and pieces of eight, with which he was abundantly provided, he found provisions, and something still more useful — two charts with the course of the voyage to the Philippines plotted on them, which were in the possession of the pilots sent by the Viceroy of Mexico.

Once his ship was refitted, Drake set sail toward the peninsula of Nicoya. When he was in sight of Cape Blanco on March 27, he set his prisoners free, and gave them a boat to go on shore;

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but he kept their ship and its cargo, not without many a courteous apology for the regrettable necessity. He also kept the pilot, Sanchez Colchero, offering him a thousand ducats if he would pilot the ship to China, and making him a present of fifty ducats to send to his wife, besides allowing him to write to his family, to the Viceroy, and to the auditor Garcia de Palacio, who was then in Nicaragua. The prisoners reached the city of the Holy Spirit of Esparza on March 29, where by chance there happened to be Captain Juan Solano, who hastened to write the bad news which they brought to Valverde in Guatemala.

Drake continued his voyage along the Nicaraguan coast, and during the night of April 4, near Acajutla, close to the coast of San Salvador, he surprised a ship coming from Acapulco. The English did no harm to the passengers on board, contenting themselves with taking away their stores and the keys of their trunks. Having learned that Don Francisco de Zarate, a distinguished Mexican gentleman on his way to Peru, was on board, they brought him before their chief, who was calmly walking the bridge of the Golden Hind. Drake gave him a friendly reception, took him into his cabin, and offering him a seat spoke after this fashion: —

'I like to be told the truth, and I get angry when it is not told me. That is why you are going to tell it to me, for it is the best way to get along with me. How much silver and gold is on your ship?'

Answer: 'There is n't any.'

Drake fixed his eye upon the Spanish gentleman, and repeated his question.

'There is n't any,' replied Don Francisco, 'except for a few plates and cups that I am using at table.'

The pirate was silent, and then, changing his conversation, he asked again: 'Do you know Don Martin Enriquez, Viceroy of New Spain?'

'Yes, I know him.'

'Have you on board any of his property or anything that belongs to him?'

'No, señor.'

'You may understand that I had a good deal rather meet him than all the gold of the Indies, in order to show how gentlemen keep their word.'

Don Martin Enriquez de Almansa had begun his term as Governor with a defeat inflicted on Drake and Hawkins in 1568, and one can see that Drake never forgot.

Having invited Don Francisco de Zarate to sit next him at table, he regaled him with the best dishes, and in order to banish the sadness that he saw in his face he said: 'Do not be disturbed. Your life and property are safe.'

Then he asked where he could find water, the only thing of which he was in need, adding that as soon as he could get some he would allow them to continue their journey. The next day being Sunday, Drake donned his richest garments, had the Golden Hind dressed with flags, and, after having ordered all those who had been on board the ship coming from Acapulco to be taken from the ship that he had taken from Rodrigo Tello, he said to Zarate: 'Give me one of your pages to show me your belongings.'

Then from nine o'clock until sunset he went through the cargo from Acapulco. The Spanish gentleman came very well out of it. Drake appropriated only a few trifles among his baggage, saying that he intended them for his wife, and gave him in exchange a scimitar and a little silver *brasero*. The next morning, after having handed over their trunks to several passengers, he sent his boat to take Don Francisco on board his own ship, assembled on the bridge the sailors and the other Spaniards, whose appearance indicated poverty, gave each one a handful of coins, and set Colchero at liberty.

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According to Don Francisco Zarate's written account of his chance meeting with Drake, he was a small, blond man, who must then have been about thirty-five. Nine or ten younger sons of great English families sailed with him, and he made them his table companions, as well as the pilot, Nuño de Silva, who never spoke, contenting himself with smiling maliciously when the prisoners addressed a word to him. There was violin music with dinner and supper, which were served on silver plate carved with the arms of the corsair, who had in his cabin every kind of convenience — perfumes and luxurious fittings, many of which were presents from Queen Elizabeth. His companions adored him, and he showed himself well disposed toward everyone, though he was also an extremely severe disciplinarian. Zarate says that Drake was 'one of the greatest sailors on the sea, as skilled in extended voyages as in command,' and Nuño de Silva declared him 'a man so highly learned in the art of seamanship that his superior has never been known.'

The Golden Hind was an excellent ship of about two hundred tons, armed with thirty guns and provided with a great quantity of munitions of war and arms of every kind. Her crew consisted of eighty-six picked men, very experienced, among whom were carpenters and caulkers.

Pursuing his triumphant voyage, Drake pillaged the port of Guatulco, in Mexico, en route, setting Nuño de Silva at liberty; and, after having reached the forty-third parallel in quest of a passage toward the Atlantic Ocean, he turned toward the Moluccas, and reached Ternate in November, 1579, and Java in the month of March, 1580. Doubling the Cape of Good Hope in June, he brought up on the Guinea coast, and cast anchor at Plymouth on September 26.

Drake's appearance in the Pacific created a reign of terror from Chile to Mexico, for, although the English pirates had already committed terrible depredations on the American coasts of the Atlantic, none of them, with the exception of Oxenham, who had crossed the Isthmus of Darien in 1577, from Acla to the Gulf of San Miguel, had succeeded in penetrating into the South Seas, which were considered inviolable; but once the secret of the Straits of Magellan had been discovered, the riches of Peru were at the mercy of their raids, and henceforth no vessel could safely navigate the seas, which from the time of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had never been furrowed by any save Spanish keels. It was therefore essential to wipe out the audacious corsair who had just come into possession of so dangerous a secret, and stolen millions with it.

The Viceroy of Mexico and the President of Guatemala immediately fitted out ships and gave chase; and, although Drake had made no mystery of his plan of returning to Europe, these two solemn functionaries were not willing to believe it. Don Martin Enriquez insisted that he was still hiding somewhere on the Guatemala coast, and Valverde, guessing closer to the truth, thought that he was somewhere in California. The task that fell to Valverde was more strenuous than that of Don Martin, for military supplies were wholly lacking in Guatemala, and he had to improvise them at full speed,

Using the iron of the Indians' axes, he was able to cast enough cannon to arm two ships, and a galleass. Powder was imported from Mexico, and two hundred men enrolled under the command of Don Diego de Herrera, among whom was Don Gonzalo Vazquez de Coronado. When everything was ready, they set out for the port of Zonzonate, where ships were awaiting troops from

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the cities of San Salvador and San Miguel, commanded by Don Diego de Guzman, not to mention the Governor of the provinces of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, Diego de Artieda, who was to serve as admiral. Soon after, two more vessels came up with three hundred men, sent by the Viceroy of New Spain. In the last days of the month of July, 1579, the preparations were finished, the fleet received orders to sail to the port of Iztapa, where the President would pass them in review before they set out in pursuit of Drake under the orders of still a fourth Diego, for this was the baptismal name of Garcia de Palacio who, after having fortified Realejo, upon receipt of news of the corsair's presence near that port, had gone to Zonzonate to organize the expedition.

Palacio, who was author of a highly interesting description of the port of Guatemala, which he addressed to Philip II in 1576, had the reputation of being an active man well trained in law and the art of governing, as well as in affairs of war, an opinion that was justified by some of his writings, and by two books that he published in Mexico a few years later on the art of war by land and sea. But as often is the case, his acts were not always in accord with the excellence of his theory.

On August 2, the eve of the day selected for the fleet to set sail, he announced that he was very ill, complaining that one leg and arm were crippled. We may doubt whether this was true if we trust what Valverde wrote to the King about him: 'Many people have told me that Palacio was not sick at all. I inform Your Majesty of this because Palacio has written a book on military questions, and I am told he has sent it to Your Majesty, and that he concerns himself with matters of war by land and sea; but when he is engaged in Your Majesty's service his words and deeds do not agree.' After this comic interlude, the fleet weighed anchor on August 27 to give chase to Drake, who had been for more than a month pursuing his tranquil voyage to the China Sea.

For fifteen years to come, Drake was to continue to inflict shrewd blows upon the Spanish power in Europe and America. With unwearying hatred and vigor, he pillaged the city of Vigo, attacked Carthaginia of the Indies, took possession of the Island of San Domingo, ravished the coasts of Florida, burned a hundred ships in the Bay of Cadiz, contributed as much as anyone else to the destruction of the Invincible Armada, attacked Corogne, disembarked at Lisbon, and captured richly laden ships everywhere. Execrations of his name resounded in every corner of the Spain over which Philip II ruled. It was like a barometer announcing the decline of that formidable power built up by the Catholic kings and the Emperor Charles V.

Drake returned yet again to the West Indies, the theatre of his first adventures, but fickle Fortune smiled on him no longer. He endured a defeat at the Canary Islands, and another at Porto Rico, where his comrade and master, Hawkins, died. But he took revenge for this by burning the cities of Rio Hacha, Santa Marta, and Nombre de Dios. His men left their ships to attack Panama, but were completely beaten. He went to Porto Bello; but when he was in sight of that port an attack of dysentery ended his life and his vengeance together on January 28, 1595, at four o'clock in the morning. His ashes, enclosed in a leaden case, lie at the bottom of the Bay of Porto Bello, beneath those waters across which Columbus's caravels came swaying in the year 1492.

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GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO AND HIS NATIVE VILLAGE

BY VINCENZO MENGHI

From *La Tribuna, February* 8
(Rome Liberal Daily)

Gabriele D'Annunzio had been hurt in an accident and lay unconscious. The confirmation of this news came from the municipality of Chieti, and caused a general explosion of sympathetic exclamations and a rush for more information. Amusements dragged at the fashionable seashore resort of Francavilla, and a cloud hung over the place.

The next morning I sped by motor to Pescara, D'Annunzio's native village, where I soon found Signor Nicola D'Annunzio, a cousin of the poet's and a close friend.

'Don't worry,' he said to me, 'D'Annunzio will survive this as he has his other accidents. I always said that. I said it to him again this time. Gabriele was born under a lucky star, and I do not doubt that he will recover. Think of that accident when his automobile rushed dizzily right into the midstream of the Arno. And that fall from an airplane which would surely have killed anyone else. When we were together at the University of Rome, I heard him call to me one day: "What luck! What luck! My horse and I fell together when jumping a three-metre handicap. It landed safely, and I stayed in the saddle!"'

'But, then, you must know a good deal about D'Annunzio's early life!'

'I do. We used to raise the devil together. At the University, he was always absent from classes, and I was the one to secure the professors' marks for his presence. What do you expect? He always used to say that he did not care to be branded with a diploma, and at the end of two years he — how should I express myself? — he paid no more attention to his courses. After all, he did not need them. Giosuè Carducci even informed him that he did not need to write a thesis on the *Byzantine Chronicles* of Sommaruga in order to emerge with a degree. He was going to make a name for himself on his own account. . . .'

Here the poet's friend was interrupted by a group of workmen, tools in hand, who wanted to be informed about Gabriele D'Annunzio's condition. Finally, Signor Nicola had to use a wall as an improvised bulletin-board giving the contents of the telegrams from Gardone, where the poet lay. His physicians were quite hopeful.

To the people of Pescara, his native village, Gabriele D'Annunzio is the symbol of harmony and pacification. In his presence, party strife subsides and men feel as brethren toward each other. This spirit is invariably manifest every time the poet comes home, to breathe again the atmosphere of his childhood and to visit his mother's tomb.

He is everywhere during these visits. He is present at a contest of *Abruzzesi* folk-songs, at an aviation contest, at an exhibition of paintings. Even now, as he lay ill in another town, the local newspapers were spreading abroad his offer of a prize for the best poem in the Abruzzi dialect. Was this a bold defiance of his misfortune at Gardone? Was it a happy sign of imminent recovery? Neither, I think. He was

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merely conscious that every movement in his native land needed him as its leader. On all public occasions his name, printed in huge characters, is a magic symbol. Once when this name, whether intentionally or not, was omitted from the announcement of some public function, the result was total failure.

When Italian Bolshevism began to show its head even in the mountain regions of the Abruzzi, when it denied homage to the fatherland, then just emerging from a deadly war, the people of Pescara revolted and the foreign Red orators were driven away. In the land of freedom for all, Red tyranny could not be tolerated. Again it was the little town of Pescara that gave the signal for a spiritual regeneration — in the Abruzzi at least.

Often the town of Pescara appeals to Gabriele D'Annunzio in vain to come and share in some festivity; but he will come unfailingly, though unexpectedly, some other time, led by his longing to see his mother's resting-place.

What an object of tenderness and of sublime veneration the memory of his mother is to Gabriele D'Annunzio! Some time ago the municipality of Pescara decided to name a school of music after Luisa D'Annunzio, and informed her son about it. Here is his answer: —

'You know how profound my love is for my native city, my stream, my native coast, my hills, and the sacred soil where my mother is waiting for me.

'To this love a deep gratitude has been added to-day — gratitude for the tribute my Pescara has paid to the memory of her whom the people justly call "blessed among women." Please assure the Council that I shall give all assistance to the noble work. Gabriele D'Annunzio.'

Marietta, the servant who spent nearly all her life in the D'Annunzio home, still lives there like a vestal priestess, keeping the flames at the altar of filial affection. Every day she adorns the dead mother's bed with flowers. Twice a week she brings flowers to the grave, which lies near the cemetery wall, where the sea can be seen with a pine grove as its frame. In the house itself, it is impossible to enter the room where the Saint — by this name D'Annunzio remembers his mother — spent her last days; to see the juvenile photographs of the poet, inscribed *A mamma cara;* to see the pictures — Maria at the Temple, and the Vespers of Saint Gregory; to hear the subdued voice of Marietta describing the last hours of Donna Luisa, who kept calling her son from the far-away tumult of the raging war, without being deeply moved. It is not a tourist's curiosity or avidity for traveling impressions that you feel in this darkened room so much like a temple. It is rather a religious feeling; your lips involuntarily move in a prayer. Although I was invited to take as a souvenir one of the wilting violets of which there was an armful left since D'Annunzio's last visit, I could not do so. It would have been a sacrilege.

The son has many times expressed his wish to be buried next to his mother, and has even elaborated a project for his tomb — something so grandiose that it will almost entirely cover one of the emerald hillocks near Pescara.

As a matter of fact, however, the more he thinks about death the closer life takes him in its grip, the more new vigor it gives him for new undertakings. He miraculously escaped the last great danger that has threatened him. But it has been the wish of Gabriele D'Annunzio to make of his last years a sacrifice of love and self-negation, an effort to realize the ideal of fraternity among Italians. He still has a great humane mission to accomplish.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

(Poems from *Georgian Poetry*, 1920–1922)

WHEN ALL IS SAID

F. D. C. PELLOW

When all is said
And all is done
Beneath the Sun,
And Man lies dead;

When all the earth
Is a cold grave,
And no more brave
Bright things have birth;

When cooling sun
And stone-cold world,
Together hurled,
Flame up as one —

O Sons of Men,
When all is flame,
What of your fame
And splendor then?

When all is fire
And flaming air,
What of your rare
And high desire

To turn the clod
To a thing divine,
The earth a shrine,
And Man the God?

IN MEMORIAM D. O. M.

WILLIAM KERR

Chestnut candles are lit again
For the dead that died in spring:
Dead lovers walk the orchard ways,
And the dead cuckoos sing.

Is it they who live and we who are dead?
Hardly the springtime knows
For which to-day the cuckoo calls,
And the white blossom blows.

Listen and hear the happy wind
Whisper and lightly pass:
'Your love is sweet as hawthorn is,
Your hope green as the grass.

'The hawthorn's faint and quickly gone,
The grass in autumn dies;
Put by your life, and see the spring
With everlasting eyes.'

LOST LOVE

ROBERT GRAVES

His eyes are quickened so with grief,
He can watch a grass or leaf
Every instant grow; he can
Clearly through a flint wall see,
Or watch the startled spirit flee
From the throat of a dead man.
Across two counties he can hear,
And catch your words before you speak.
The woodlouse or the maggot's weak
Clamor rings in his sad ear;
And noise so slight it would surpass
Credence — drinking sound of grass,
Worm-talk, clashing jaws of moth
Chumbling holes in cloth:
The groan of ants who undertake
Gigantic loads for honor's sake —
Their sinews creak, their breath comes thin:
Whir of spiders when they spin,
And minute whispering, mumbling, sighs
Of idle grubs and flies.
This man is quickened so with grief,
He wanders godlike or like thief
Inside and out, below, above,
Without relief seeking lost love.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE RUSSIAN THEATRICAL INVASION

THIS is the day of things Russian in European theatres and (when Europe has got through with them) for these United States as well. Earliest came Sergei de Diaghileff with his Russian ballet, the first treasure from the apparently inexhaustible mines of the Russian theatre. That was before the revolution.. The Diaghileff ballet was a natural growth of the art of the dance as it had been practised in Russia for generations, but it was not a native growth. It had reached its perfection outside of Russia, and to this day the Diaghileff ballet — as America, France, and England know it — has never been seen in Russia itself.

After them came Balieff's super-cabaret, which is known in Russia as the *Letutchaya Muish* — an imposing array of consonants and vowels which means nothing more than the 'Bat,' or, to translate exactly into Elizabethan English, the 'Flittermouse.' In the course of time Balieff moved to Paris, where *Letutchaya Muish* was Frenchified into the *Chauve-Souris*, and after the French public had been delighted for many moons, moved on to London, where it became 'The Bat' pure and simple. But when Balieff was ready to come to New York, he found his title preëmpted by a play of — to put it mildly — a very different sort. And so this characteristically Russian company came to New York under its French title, *Chauve-Souris*. Why it could not be *Letutchaya Muish* in New York as well as Moscow has never been explained, but French it was and French presumably it will remain.

After them came Stanislavskii's wonderful company from the Moscow Art Theatre, who happily are in America still. They, too, moved westward along the trail that Balieff had blazed. And now another is on its way. Alexander Tairoff of the Moscow Kamerny Theatre — that is, 'Chamber Theatre' — has reached the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. The Kamerny Theatre is an offshoot of the Moscow Art Theatre. It might be more accurate to say it is a rebellion against the Moscow Art Theatre by a group of enthusiasts most of whom had seceded from Stanislavskii's organization, and looked upon the methods of their master as out of date. They believed that in his hands the methods of extreme realism and ultra-naturalism had reached their limit, and they united under the leadership of Tairoff, who had already distinguished himself with the short-lived Moscow Free Theatre.

Tairoff declared war upon what he called the 'stationary' theatre. He aimed to free the stage from subjection to literature, to realism, and to the scenic artist. He pinned his hope to the actor. Not the text, not the scenery, not the setting, but the actor alone was to make the play. He put his company through a relentless course of training: gymnastics, dancing, fencing, and even purely acrobatic exercises to supple limbs and body, while the other elements of technique, such as elocution, singing, and gesture, received their share of attention. In his new book recently published in Moscow, *The Notebook of a Producer*, Tairoff insists that

> The actor must be perfect not only in the manipulation of his stage-instrument, but he must also be endowed with a creative power which will permit him to give expression at any given moment to the desired scale of emotions.

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Tairoff does not believe in painted backgrounds in two dimensions. Apparently his admirers regard this as an extremely daring and radical view on his part, but those who are not so entirely swept away with admiration may find time to wonder who *does* believe in this kind of scenery any longer. Even our museums are working in three dimensions nowadays in their animal groups.

At any rate, the Kamerny Theatre discards painted canvas and erects architectonic constructions of its own, these of course being held in strict subordination to the players. It has a fondness, too, for moving appliances, such as rotating tables, swings, see-saws, and even the trapdoors beloved of Shakespeare and his fellows.

It is curious to note the rigid selection to which the Russian producers subject their repertoire as soon as they leave their native shores. This is true of the Moscow Art Theatre, which has included in its foreign repertoire only such plays as 'Tsar Feodor Ivanovitch,' the 'Lower Depths,' and plays by Chekhov, with which it made its first successes twenty-five years ago. It has produced abroad little or nothing dating after 1904. Similarly, the Kamerny Theatre is not producing Russian plays at all in Paris. Its repertoire includes 'Phèdre,' Scribe's 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' Oscar Wilde's 'Salome,' the harlequinade 'Princess Brombilla' after Hoffmann, and Lecoq's operetta 'Giroflé-Girofla.'

It is expected that the Kamerny Theatre will go on to London sometime this spring.

❁

WILHELM RÖNTGEN

L'Europe Nouvelle, the French Liberal weekly, thus renders justice to a celebrity of enemy birth: —

'He is dead. His life was a good deal that of the typical German professor, the professor with the long, bushy beard, but without the traditional spectacles. He was born on the twenty-seventh of March, 1845, in the neighborhood of Düsseldorf, of a family in modest circumstances. He studied at various German universities and at Zurich, and was a good student. He became *Privat-dozent*, then assistant-professor at Wurzburg and at Strassburg. He published many scholarly treatises on the phenomena of capillarity and other subjects in the *Annalen der Physik und der Chemie*. Then, in December 1895, came the discovery that made him famous, the X-rays.

'In 1899 he was called to an honorary professorship at the University of Munich. He was covered with honors and titles; became "Excellency," privy councillor, member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, commander of high orders, and so forth. Berlin could not secure him, though the Prussian Academy of Sciences also elected him to membership. In 1900 he received the Nobel Prize in physics. He had the rare honor of having a statue erected to him during his lifetime, at Berlin. Nothing further of especial interest occurred during the rest of his life, which came to a peaceful close last week at Munich at the age of seventy-eight.

'And yet, two facts. After his great discovery this man continued to live his former simple life. Fame did not intoxicate him. He showed no thirst for money; he remained true to his modest apartment in the Briennerstrasse in Munich, to the old Munich *Gemütlichkeit*, and to his laboratory at the University. The laurels of Professor Ostwald of Leipzig, who boasted of his internationalism and indulged in German propaganda that spread even to France itself, did not seem to Röntgen worthy of imitation.

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'Yet he was a loyal German, with a childlike faith in the views of his country's rulers. In October 1914, he signed the notorious declaration of the ninety-three intellectuals to the world, and he was not among those who, since the close of the war, have explained that they signed it hurriedly without reading it through, or who definitely repudiated it.

'That which appeals mostly to the imagination about the X-rays is undoubtedly their quality of mystery. What really are these invisible radiations, endowed with such marvelous attributes, which project themselves in a straight line, like light, but which can neither be bent, broken, nor interrupted? Their discoverer himself declared his inability to answer the question. Just X-rays — and they permit us to examine the interior of the human body. The world loves the marvelous, the incomprehensible.

'Who of us has not preserved some memory of his old chemistry classes, of the bright-colored Gessler tubes and those of Sir William Crookes with their cathodic rays, very curious even then, and destined eventually to give birth to the X-rays when they were directed against a surface of glass, of platinum, or of some other substance? In reality, Röntgen's discovery falls into its place as one of a logical series of research problems. And in this series, whose future development the dazzled imagination cannot perceive, Wilhelm Röntgen will have an honored place as one of the principal pioneers. It was he who made to a visitor a remark still remembered by the wise: "I have no preconceived ideas—I experiment."'

✽

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS OF POETS AND MUSICIANS

Do 'music and sweet poetry' really agree, or can they ever agree? The inquiry is made by the musical critic of the London *Times*, whose interest is roused by the advocacy by Mr. Herbert Bedford, the English musician, of modern unaccompanied song. Mr. Bedford would have more attention paid to the words, and if he could arrange things to suit himself, the accompaniment would vanish altogether. But the *Times* critic has his doubts. He admits that there is a kinship between words and music among uncivilized peoples or among the uneducated.

The identity survives in the mind of the natural unlettered folk-singer, and collectors of folk-song have often remarked that the singer of a ballad of some dozen verses is quite unable to hum the tune without the words, or to recite the words without the tune. The two together form a single concept of his brain.

Yet lately, that is in the last five centuries or so — a mere trifle of time in the life of both arts — the two have fallen out, and have gone through life bickering as grown-up brother and sister are apt to do when a mutual affection and a common interest in each other's welfare are too much taken for granted. This seems largely due to the emancipation of the sister — music. She has become a very independent young woman, has discovered that she has a life of her own and has asserted her right to live it in her own way.

That is the musical attitude, but what does the poet think about it? As the *Times* critic points out: —

We do not often find the modern poet crying out that his art is stultified for want of the vivifying power of a musical counterpart. On the contrary we find at best a good-humored tolerance of musical 'settings,' at worst considerable irritation at the refusal of music to let the matter alone. Milton patted Henry Lawes on the back in a famous sonnet, because his tunes meddled less with the poetic values of the words set than did those of greater musicians of an earlier generation. Tennyson was generally inclined to quarrel with the musical setting of his poetry; but he thought

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Sullivan less tiresome than most composers, and he consented to dress up for him 'a puppet whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument.' How often do we find that the poet who writes for music is just dressing up a puppet, Tennyson-wise, in the hope that his real art may be allowed to escape the attentions of the musician?

Apparently all this may lead to the most extreme liberties with the verse and

then we get a 'Song of the high hills' with a chorus of three hundred people singing 'Ah' interminably, or 'Rout' with a solo voice singing 'Ce-vril-ni-ta-sa-la-vi-a.'

The wordless song, or the admittedly nonsense-word song, is a type of composition far more widely cultivated by the composers of the moment than the unaccompanied song staking everything on the words. One claims the absolute independence of music, the other makes the too generous recantation of the claim. Neither, we may be fairly sure, represents any definite 'movement' capable of materially altering the relations of the two arts in song.

✽

'THE MACHINE-WRECKERS'

SUCH plays as 'R. U. R.' and 'From Morn to Midnight' have given American audiences a bowing acquaintance with the new theatre of Middle Europe. The latest of the younger Continental playwrights to appear in English is Ernst Toller, whose greatest achievement to date, 'The Machine-Wreckers,' has just been translated into English by Mr. Ashley Dukes, a London dramatic critic and the brother of Sir Paul Dukes. Curiously enough, the action of the drama takes place in England at the time of the Luddite Riots, over a hundred years ago. The central figure of the play is the great steam-engine that rouses the frenzy of the miserable mill-workers and dominates such characters as the author dimly sketches out. Herr Toller is always aiming for a powerful emotional effect, not for any subtlety of intellect or acute analysis of character. There is no doubt that he succeeds in producing the desired result and English readers can only guess how much better the play is adapted to theatrical representation than to library perusal.

'The Machine-Wreckers' was produced with great success last summer at the Grosses Schauspielhaus, part of the interest in it being due to the way modern conditions are paralleled. But even apart from this, as the *Times Literary Supplement* says, 'Its claim to attention as a work of art is strong enough to stand alone. The author handles his characters with a masterly hand, using them in numbers to produce an orchestral effect.' The final scene around the great steam-engine in the mill brings the play to a terrifically impressive climax, the machine predominating horribly.

Some of the lines in the play are verse, most of them are prose, and the effect of this variety, though in some ways excellent, is not entirely pleasing. Mr. Dukes's translation is admirable and his preface sketches briefly and competently the work of Ernst Toller in particular, and the modern Continental drama in general.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Laughter from a Cloud, by Walter Raleigh. London: Constable, 1923.

[*Spectator*]

Laughter from a Cloud is such a very charming book partly because in it we have been allowed to see Sir Walter Raleigh at his worst. The little plays in it are almost bad, almost commonplace; some of the fables are careless and derivative. But by the inclusion of these inferior pieces we are given a sort of intimacy. The reader has the sense of privilege that a social climber would experience if he were received in shirt-sleeves and braces by a great man.

Some of the occasional papers and some of the poems are, however, very good indeed. One of the most amusing is an extract from a periodical which was called *The Milan*. It is called 'Meat for Babes,' and purports to be a primer. The first page of 'reading' is arranged in words only of one syllable, the second of two, the third of three, the fourth of four, and the fifth of words of five syllables. In the spoof preface Sir Walter remarks that he purposes issuing a sequel where all is narrated in words of five, six, and seven syllables. 'This would be invaluable for journalists.' The first extract is entitled 'The Good Dean,' and begins as follows: —

'Do you know old Slops? He has been made a Dean. You must not call him a fat fraud, or I will whip you.'

They are all concerned with ecclesiastical subjects, and the extract in five syllables begins: —

'Enthusiastic poverty-stricken individuals, tumultuously accelerating Disestablishment, indubitably underestimate theological tergiversation. Irresponsible ecclesiastics, unanimously accumulating simoniacal remunerations, unanimously anathematize unapostolic sectarianism, irrelevantly depreciating impecunious heterodoxy.'

Some of the poems are charming. We quote in its entirety 'Wishes of an Elderly Man' (Wished at a Garden Party, June, 1914): —

> 'I wish I loved the Human Race;
> I wish I loved its silly face;
> I wish I liked the way it walks;
> I wish I liked the way it talks;
> And when I'm introduced to one,
> I wish I thought *What Jolly Fun!*'

The aphorisms, too, are often startling and profound, as such things should be: —

'In examinations those who do not wish to know ask questions of those who cannot tell.'

'When three Examiners agree, then is the time to study the psychology of middle-aged pedagogues.'

'The nightingale got no prize at the poultry show.'

'No race was ever won except on the race course.'

'The Oxford Final Schools and the Day of Judgment are two examinations, not one.'

Laughter from a Cloud is a book which will make those who knew and loved the man or his work regret Sir Walter Raleigh's death more than ever. He was that infrequent, but not unknown, creature, a wide-minded and truly civilized professor.

Memories of the Future: Being Memoirs of the Years 1915–1972, written in the Year of Grace 1988 by Opal, Lady Porstock, edited by Ronald A. Knox. London: Methuen, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

After a long abstinence from the delights of satire, Father Ronald A. Knox, professing merely to 'edit' these *Memories of the Future*, has given us a work fit to stand by *Absolute and Abitofhell*. There is no decline in wit, no loss of savor in his curious humor, which blends an almost cynical joy in irony with an almost childish glee at the purely absurd. If anything, there is growth in fertility and resource; it was no light feat to keep this mock-panorama of the future turning without monotony for the length of a good-sized book. What is best in the fun, as fun, eludes the critic. It is the author's privilege, not the reviewer's, to tell the jokes, nor is there any point in giving the reader formal leave to laugh. We must not do more, therefore, than hint at the good things inside the show. Among them we should select the great mid-European republic, Magiria, based on the pacific principles of hotel-keeping, where all the officials wear the initials T. C. on their caps; the picture of America torn by the conflict of 'Sticky' and 'Clean' on the chewing-gum issue; the wonderful school where they realize the maxim, 'Try to get a boy interested in something and he will immediately become interested in something quite different.'

Three Studies in English Literature, by André Chevrillon. London: Heinemann, 1923. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[W. L. Courtney in the *Daily Telegraph*]

The judgment of the foreigner is our nearest approach to the judgment of posterity. If this

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be so, we see at once the value of criticisms like those which M. André Chevrillon has included in the book — in its English form entitled *Three Studies in English Literature*. For M. Chevrillon is a very distinguished student of English literature, and what he tells us is animated not only by his sympathetic appreciation, but also by his knowledge, of the novels of our countrymen.

For Rudyard Kipling he has long since entertained a profound admiration, and in the present volume he gives us at considerable length a close and penetrating discussion of the poet's career and the various changes of style which have accompanied his development. Galsworthy comes next, an author whom the average French critic might find a little dry and formal and perhaps devoid of eloquence and passion. But Galsworthy has found a rare commentator in M. André Chevrillon, who knows the Forsyte Saga in an intimate fashion and understands the peculiarities and prejudices of the English upper middle class.

There remains a chapter on Shakespeare, written some time ago on the occasion of the Shakespeare tercentenary, April, 1916. M. Chevrillon has something novel and fresh to say even on a theme which lends itself so easily to rhetoric, and his analysis of the 'English soul,' or rather of the different souls to be discovered in England, is one which it is profitable for us to consider.

Memories of a Hostess, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. London: Fisher Unwin, 1923. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1922.

[S. K. Ratcliffe in the *Manchester Guardian*]

THE hostess in question is the wife of James T. Fields, publisher, of Boston, friend of nearly all American authors in his time and of the various important Englishmen who found their way to the United States during the middle years of the last century. The house in Charles Street was a complete shrine of literary New England, and Mrs. Fields preserved its tradition till her death in 1915. She was a copious diarist, recording the doings of the famous literary society which surrounded Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were far too much given to mutual admiration, Lowell alone, it would seem, behaving occasionally as rebel and satirist.

Greatest and most fascinating of all European visitors, during Mrs. Fields's long reign of seventy years, was Charles Dickens, who made his triumphant reading-tour in 1868. Mrs. Fields was entirely absorbed by him. Dickens delighted his Boston friends by mimicking Carlyle and other eminent contemporaries; and now and again he took the liberty of pulling their legs, as when he announced that Browning was to marry Jean Ingelow. Perhaps the most interesting glimpses of American writers are those of Hawthorne and Mark Twain. The latter, amid his New England surroundings, is described by Mrs. Fields in such a way as to suggest that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's recent analysis of Mark Twain as a frustrate genius might be supported by good Boston testimony.

[*Punch*]

THE claim that *Memories of a Hostess* is 'not only a chronicle of notable friendships but a life story of one of the most distinguished and charming hostesses of the day' is a just one. For scores of years during last century the Fields house at Boston was a centre of hospitality and social activity, and it is from the diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields that Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe has drawn the material for this volume. The work of selection has been done with an excellent discretion and an unusual economy in the admission of trivial gossip. Men of mark — Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, and Charles Dickens, among others — move intimately through these pages as honored guests and friends of Mr. and Mrs. James Fields. Dignity is the note of these *Memories*, which are concerned with real friends and not with casual acquaintances.

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This Week

Europe is very much inclined to look on the Pan-American Conference with more than a touch of jealousy; the prospect of the New World's forming a League of Nations of its own does not gratify some of the transatlantic diplomats. Señor Alvarez is well qualified to discuss Old and New World methods and he draws some illuminating contrasts between Pan-American, Pan-European, and Anglo-American relationships.

* * *

A woebegone Socialist sheds a few tears over the Russian Revolution which, he says, has queered his doctrines in the eyes of the world. He blames the 'old honest Socialists' for not denouncing Bolshevism at the start.

* * *

All of a sudden everyone has a good word for Austria. Once she was an arrogant Empire, now she is an alms-begging Republic, but at any rate she has buckled down to work. The spectacle is sufficiently unusual to attract attention in modern Europe.

* * *

Two articles on taxation appear in this week's *Living Age*. One of them gives a close description of the German system, — how it operates and whom it strikes. The other, in a more whimsical vein, should raise a hoarse cheer from parched American throats. The French critic and author, Pierre Mille, suggests that his country adopt wine as the legal standard of currency and graft as the practical moral code along which this pleasant new régime is to be operated.

* * *

'The Kaiser and his Captive' is vouched for by publisher, author, and hero as a faithfully accurate war-story. Nor is it incredible that the Kaiser should have courteously interviewed a captured French officer during the great attack on Verdun in 1916.

* * *

An English Tory ought to be a reliable authority on the 'gentle art' — or science — of propaganda. Mr. Colvin shows how the Germans practised it in the past and how all sorts of unpleasant insurgent fellows are likely to use it in the future.

* * *

A Danish physician transports us to Rio de Janeiro, giving some amusing descriptions of the *opéra bouffe* revolutions that used to take place there. He also tells something about the war days and how the Germans were treated in Brazil. But the pro-Bolsheviki had the hardest time of all, — they were simply sent into the jungle to die.

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